

The TATLER

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NORMA SHEARER IN "THE DIVORCÉE"

Ruth Harriet Louise

One of the "close-ups" of one of the film's most charming actresses in her very latest all-talking movie picture, "The Divorcée." Miss Norma Shearer is not an American but a Canadian, and was born in Montreal in 1903. She first of all went on the stage, but afterwards went over to the "pictures" in 1921, and was playing leads almost from the first, and has continued to do so ever since. Her new picture, in which no doubt London will see her in due course, is said to be one of her best



AT DERBY RACES LAST WEEK

There was a very strong Meynell contingent at Derby last week, and here is some of it: Mrs. Palmer Morewood, Lord Hindlip, one of whose daughters is engaged to Major Bertram Hardy's son, and Sir William Bess, an ex-"joint" of the Meynell

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

DEAREST,—You must forgive my Grand National news and remarks being kept until now, but, unluckily for me, that event comes so late in the week that it never can be talked about in the letter which comes just after it. And what a National it was this year. Which shows that the unexpected does so often happen. For so many of us thought that most of the thrill would be taken out of it when Easter Hero was finally scratched. And instead of that we are given the closest and most exciting finish within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It was a tremendously popular local win, of course, since Shaun Goilin belongs to the Master of the Cheshire, Mr. Midwood, who gave a wonderful celebration party that night at the Adelphi.

* * *

So did that very charming young American, Mr. Jack Whitney, who is lucky to possess two horses just about capable of winning the great steeplechase. But



MISS CYNTHIA FEILDEN AND MR. PETER FARRELLY

Another snapshot at Derby races. Miss Feilden is the younger of Sir William and Lady Feilden's daughters, and both she and her brother, Captain W. M. Feilden, are very well known with the Meynell, of which Peter Farrelly was huntsman from 1922 to 1929 under Sir Harold Nutting, the new Joint Master of the Quorn

The Letters of Eve



MRS. CHARLES BIRKIN AND LADY GODFREY-FAUSSETT

Also racing at Derby last week. Mrs. Charles Birkin is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Birkin, a brother of Sir Thomas Birkin, Bt., and Lady Godfrey-Faussett, the wife of Captain Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, R.N., an Equerry to H.M. the King

rather tantalising kind of luck when you think of it. Easter Hero second last year with a twisted plate. Then Easter Hero, better than ever this season, lamed within a fortnight of the race, and his second string, Sir Lindsay, so much the inferior of the two, yet good enough to be third when his jockey has lost both his irons. I met Mr. Whitney, who is a very modest and unspoilt person, with his mother and several of his American friends who had come over specially from the States to see the National. They were in the box, or rather luncheon room, belonging to Mr. Topham and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sharpe, who were entertaining relays of hungry and thirsty friends all through the meeting.

* * *

I was glad to see that Mrs. Sharpe's very pretty daughter, Ursula, had completely recovered from her recent operation for appendicitis. She is a tall, slim girl, with brown hair and eyes, a lovely complexion, and a quite remarkably beautiful forehead. So important and so rare in these days of close cut-away hats. Her mother is a sister of Madame Marguerite d'Alvarez, who has, as usual, spent a good part of the winter in America, where she is always tremendously fêted. She is due here before long, though, for she is coming earlier this year, and she will be giving several recitals during the season.

To return, though, to Aintree. I was one of the hardy ones who did the day trip from London. But it's a far less strenuous effort in fact than it is in anticipation, when the thought of the early start has to be faced. Anyhow, I felt quite energetic enough to walk the course when I arrived. Not very many people seemed to be so inspired, though it adds enormously to the interest of it all; but one person that I did meet inspecting some of those formidable obstacles was Mrs. Dudley Coats. She was looking so pretty in a neat tweed and an odd little soft grey cloth hat. Two other walkers who completed the whole round were Lady Fitzherbert and Mrs. Raymond Boileau, who had also, like that inveterate race-goer, Lady Adare, gone up for the one day. Lady Fitzherbert, whom I saw afterwards in Sir Ian Walker's most capacious box, is the owner of that very delightful small house in St. James' Street and of that most remarkable chow, Chinkie, who roams about alone all over London.

Sir Ian Walker is lucky enough to have a box which comes only next to Lord Derby's and Lord Sefton's for size, and which has the peculiar advantage of a glass-sided luncheon-room behind it, so that that too commands a wonderful view of the course. And, incidentally, he was one of the lucky ones who backed Shaun Goilin, and shouted him home vociferously and triumphantly. Neither his very charming and amusing mother, Lady Walker, nor his lovely sister, Countess Cosmo de Bosdari, were up there this year, but among his guests were Lady Bridget King-Tenison, Mr. Bartie Clowes, the McCorquodales, and Mrs. Darling.

The whole of the racing world seemed to be collected in the paddock before the big race, to see and weigh up the forty-odd runners. Baron Frank de Tuyll, standing just behind me, was looking them all over with a shrewd and experienced eye, and attempting to arrive at a conclusion by the process of elimination.



Lenore
MISS PATRICIA SCOTT

The most recent portrait of the daughter of Lord and Lady Herbert Scott. Her father is a brother of the Duke of Buccleuch and a lieutenant-colonel in the Irish Guards, Reserve of Officers

He had ruled out so many of the unplaced, before I left him, that I should not be in the least surprised to hear that he had got at least two out of the first three. Other specially well-known racing people to be seen were Lord Lonsdale, Lord Sefton and his son, Lord Molyneux, Lord and Lady Rosebery, the Blandfords, not long back from abroad, Lady Beaumont and Mrs. Micklethwait,



Arthur Owen
MISS B. RIDDELL, MR. VERNON HARCOURT, AND LORD ARMSTRONG

At the Rothbury, Northumberland, Steeplechases last week. Lord Armstrong is a former chairman of the famous Elswick Works, and was formerly a major in the Northumberland Hussars

More pictures of this event in next week's TATLER

the Carnarvons, and Lady Warrender. More occasional racegoers included that decorative and inseparable couple, Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby, Lady Maureen Stanley, the younger daughter-in-law of this year's most noticeable absentee, Lord Derby, Mrs. Roland Cubitt, Sir George and Lady Hennessy and their youngest daughter, Kathleen, the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Arthur James, the closest friend of the new Duchess of Westminster. The appearance of the new Duchess and her party created an enormous amount of excitement of course, and many eyes were fixed on the modest little house in the paddock which assumes the guise of such a very desirable residence on National Day. For here it was that the big party from Eaton had lunched after their arrival by special train. The whole thing was done very much *en prince*, with fleets of cars to take them down to the canal to the waiting barge. The Duchess looked very well I thought, and I envied her her fur coat.

Both she and the Duke came up to London, to Bourdon House, very soon after the meeting, for I saw them together a day or two afterwards at Claridge's, which is very handy and near to them. They were received with a smile and a word of greeting from Charles, who should, surely, write a very interesting and uncensored book of memoirs one day, for he has met so many intriguing people. However, being the soul of discretion, he would have to leave so much unsaid! Some of the other people I ran into there last week were Lady Londonderry, looking quite wonderfully well all in black, Lady Worthington, who was wearing most becoming long earrings, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, Lord Blandford with Lord and Lady Stanley, who have just returned from India, the Brazilian Minister, whose lovely wife is now abroad, and Sir Percy Loraine, who is being kept busy by the Egyptian Conference which is now sitting in London.

Last week many of us made a round of the restaurants and clubs, to see the various new attractions they were all having. Claridge's, for instance, has a perfectly good new dance band, and the Kit-Cat has Jack Powell, the amazing drummer, who is one of the stars of Mr. Cochran's new revue at

(Continued on p. 54)



Truman Howell
LIEUT.-COLONEL LORD RAGLAN AND COLONEL STOCKLEY, R.E.

At an inspection of the Royal Monmouthshire R.E.'s at Monmouth. Lord Raglan, who was a guardsman and not a Sapper, has just assumed command. Lord Raglan was attached to the Egyptian Army for service from 1913 to 1919



AT THE BEAUFORT 'CHASES: SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE AND MISS LEES

Watching one of the races at Aldiston last week when it was unfortunately raining stair-roads. Sir Philip Hunloke is not the least interested person in the re-commissioning of H.M. the King's "Britannia," as he has steered her in all her races. "Britannia" is to be one of the "trial horses" for Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger, "Shamrock V"

play together as though they were perfectly synchronized.

* * *

Poor Lady Hermione Lytton. It was hard luck that the lovely warm sunny weather that had been cheering us for so many days should have broken just on her wedding day, last Thursday, and spoilt most of the preparations for her country wedding down at Knebworth, which included a 200-yard walk from her home to the church and back. And now I suppose we shall see little of her over here for some time, since her husband, Mr. Cameron Cobbold has a job of work which keeps him in Italy. The other big country wedding of the week was Mr. John Wingfield Digby's to Miss Betty Holford down at Sherborne Abbey on the day before. And that brings me to the new engagements, for Miss Margaret Darell, who is going to marry Mr. Helmut Schroeder, the only son of Baron and Baroness Schroeder, also belongs to the west country, her father, Sir Lionel Darell, being a very popular personage in that part of the world. Baron Schroeder's house in Park Street is now a small peninsula which is almost entirely surrounded by Grosvenor House. The other important engagement of the week is Miss Isolde Grosvenor's to Mr. Reginald West.

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

the Pavilion. He seems to be quite independent of anything so banal as a mere drum, and can get wonderful rhythm out of anything from a wooden chair to a tin-can or the floor even. Then Rex Evans, whose shadow and whose smile never grow less, has turned up again, this time at Kettner's, where crowds arrived to welcome him on his first night, and the Berkeley has collected those two incredibly clever pianists who

The other events of last week were the Duke of Gloucester's thirtieth birthday, and the arrival of a son and heir for Lord Hambleton, who married Lord and Lady Pembroke's only daughter, Lady Patricia Herbert. Otherwise there was little to talk about barring various political issues. And not very much to do either, since the last week or two before Easter is always a quiet time. Even the dances for debutantes appear to have ceased. One of the last was Miss Diane Chamberlain's on Grand National night which was a very bright affair. And now she and her mother have gone off to Cap Martin, via Paris, until after Easter. Paris is pretty full just now of English people, and the new Guitry revue has attracted most of them. I hope it will come over here later on for a season. Among those in Paris now are Lord and Lady Spencer, who will be staying there until next week, Lady Armaghdale, and Annie Lady Cowdray. She will be back, though, in time for the opening of the opera season, of which she is a faithful and very decorative supporter, with her beautiful white hair and her quite amazing diamonds. But according to Madame Galli Curci, the greatest of all divas, opera is out of date!

* *

Other people to go abroad during the last few days are Lord Zetland, who has been lecturing in Madrid, and Lord and Lady Weymouth,



ALSO AT THE BEAUFORT 'CHASES: LADY WARRENDER AND COLONEL SIDNEY GREEN, M.F.H.

Lady Warrender is the wife of the popular member for Grantham, Sir Victor Warrender, and Colonel Sidney Green, one of the Joint Masters of the Cottesmore.



COLONEL AND MISS BRASSEY AND THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON

Yet another snapshot at the Beaufort Hunt 'Chases last week. There were six good 'Chases in the card and well-known Beaufort people like Captain Kingscote, Captain E. V. Scott-Douglas, and others had their share of the sports

who have chosen to visit Madeira rather later than most. Otherwise there has been a more or less general return to England from the four quarters of the globe. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, like the Stanleys, are now home from India, Lord Melchett from South Africa, Lord Brentford, who now escapes his old familiar name of Jix, from Egypt, and Lady Louis Mountbatten from the States. She is presiding, I see, at a reception which is being given to-day for the Children's Country Holiday Fund. And talking of charity entertainments, the chief event of the week will be the "Pageant of Italian Exhibition Pictures" in aid of the General Lying-In Hospital, at the Prince of Wales Theatre on Friday afternoon.—Yours ever, EVE.

LAST WEEK'S WEDDING

Lady Hermione Lytton Changes Her Name



A REALLY HAPPY COUPLE: MR. CAMERON COBBOLD AND HIS BRIDE



LORD HAMPDEN AND THE
HON. ELIZABETH BRAND



LADY EVELYN COBBOLD AND
MRS. CHARLES HAMBRO



GENERAL SIR IAN AND LADY HAMILTON

When Lady Hermione Lytton became Lady Hermione Cobbold in the little Norman Church at Knebworth there was something unusually inspiring, romantic, and intimate about the occasion, strikingly different from that impersonal atmosphere which so often attends the smart weddings of to-day. The Bishop of London officiated, and the fact that the church only held about 200 people gave an impression of a family gathering. The radiant bride, who was given away by her father, Lord Lytton, wore a simple close-fitting gown of white satin with an exceptionally long train, and headed a procession consisting of sixteen children and her only sister, Lady Davina Lytton.

A huge reception took place at Knebworth after the ceremony, the young couple standing at the end of the long picture gallery to receive an apparently endless stream of guests, some of whom appear here. Mr. Cameron Cobbold is the only son of Lieut.-Colonel C. Cobbold and a member of a well-known Suffolk family



MR. GEORGE ARLISS IN "THE GREEN GODDESS"

The film of the late William Archer's play, which will open at the Marble Arch Pavilion as soon as the run of "Disraeli," in which Mr. George Arliss plays the name part, finishes in a week or so. Mr. Arliss made a big success as the Rajah of Rukh in the stage production of "The Green Goddess" at the St. James', and repeats it in this film

hardt vanished, and each man as he resumed his seat felt that he had seen one of the great actresses of all time. The other evening I met in a theatre one of the great actresses of the present time who in the most gracious manner imaginable said: "Hello, darling!" and like Pontius Pilate did not wait for an answer. Now I know few things pleasanter than to be hello-darlinged by a young and pretty actress. But I cannot think that Sarah would have publicly said, "Bonjour, mon coco!" to anybody. Divinities are not made that way. There was a time, you see, when actors and particularly actresses lived by mystery. To day their comings and goings and the whole of their lives are as publicly exposed as those of the poor creatures who behind plate-glass endlessly and invisibly mend. Still, action and re-action are equal and opposite, as we have been adequately reminded. It may be then that publicity will do for our idols what secrecy did for those of former times. It may be that the Greta Garbos of the future can be publicly manufactured. Personally I doubt it, though the evidence is before me that an attempt is going to be made.

The evidence to which I refer is a bulletin emanating from Associated Sound Film Industries, Ltd., which has its life and being at Wembley. The aim of the bulletin is "to provide writers about films and film production with information of a more modest character than that which is usually sent out by publicity departments." After deploring the fact that many film-producers do not take the pains necessary to make their leading-ladies fit in every way for the exacting calling of a screen-star, the bulletin tells us of the heroic measures taken by Associated Sound Film Industries, Ltd., with regard to Miss Betty Stockfield, their new star: "When we selected her, Miss Stockfield was just nice-looking. Passers-by might have looked twice at her. She photographed quite well, but the camera accentuated one or two little blemishes which were not so noticeable in every-day life or on the stage. Nevertheless, it was apparent to our Art Director, Mr. Oscar Werndorff, that Miss Stockfield had possibilities. For several weeks now she has been undergoing intensive treatment under his supervision. Miss Stockfield, for example, had a mole on her neck which was not unattractive in real life but held the eyes of the observer so insistently on the screen that it was quite impossible. This has been surgically removed. Another defect from the point of view of the screen was that when she smiled, one side of her mouth began to move ever so slightly in advance of the other side. Again attractive in real life, but devastating on the screen. It is being carefully attended to. Several days were spent in trying out various styles of hair-dressing until Mr. Werndorff had discovered those which brought out the essential beauty of Miss

The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE

Bunk at Home and Abroad

I SHALL never forget an afternoon in late September and a scene which took place in the Winter Garden of the Midland Hotel, Manchester. A lady who might have been anything from thirty to seventy, wrapped about by an enormous chinchilla cloak, appeared apparently from nowhere in our midst. She was leaning on somebody's arm and bowing as she walked. The apparition which was Sarah Bern-

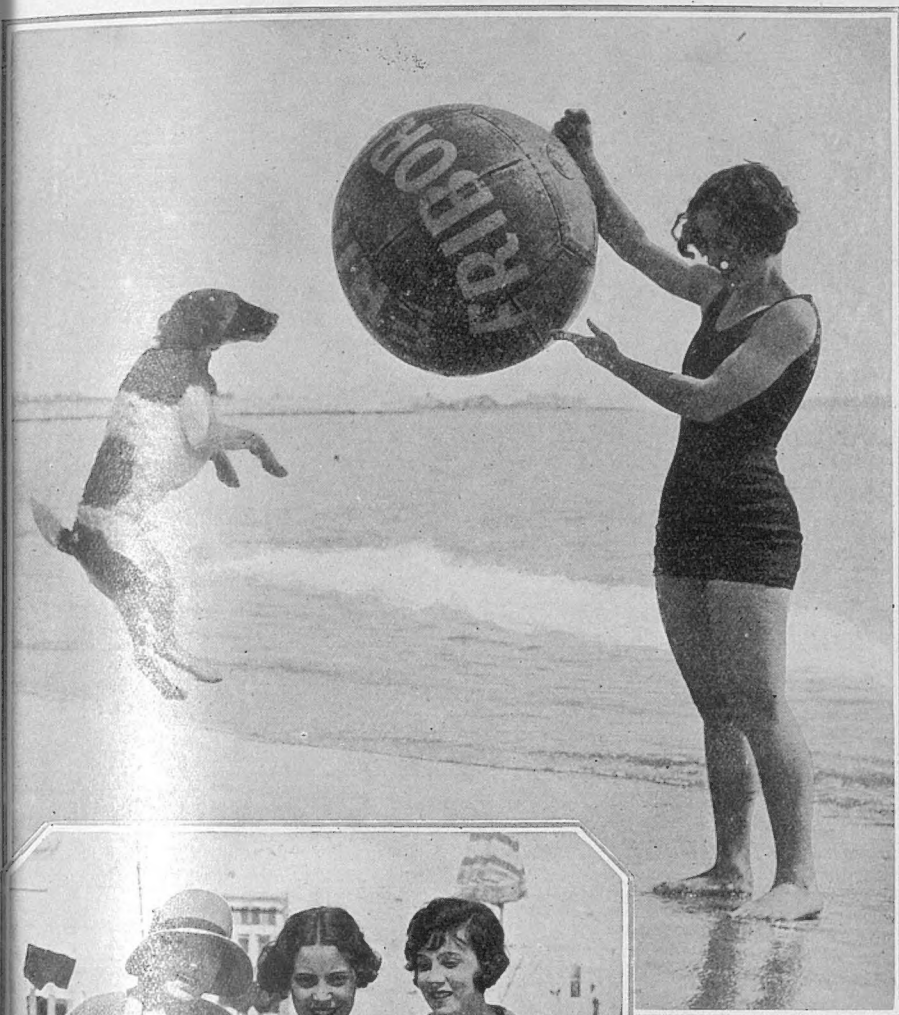
Stockfield's features and gave her increased personality. Make-up experts, lighting experts, dress-designers, camera-men, have all had their part in the work of transformation." I have no comment to make on the foregoing, which speaks for itself. I do, however, remember having seen Miss Stockfield on the stage and having thought her an uncommonly attractive, capable, and above all natural young woman who offended neither sense nor sensibility. The bulletin tells me that photographs of Miss Stockfield can be had on request, and I hereby publicly request that a dozen or so may be forwarded to me that I may compare what I remember of a charming young actress with the be-tinkered and be-tailored goddess. "We have virtually made another woman of her," continues what I regard as in many ways the most shameful and shameless example of publicity-mongering which has ever come under my eyes. "We are not priding ourselves on the job being now complete. It remains to be seen whether Miss Stockfield can act as well as we believe she can. We must give her good stories and good direction. But a certain basic and necessary work has been done . . ." After which I can only suggest that the telegraphic address of this company should be "Frankenstein, Middlesex."

It occurs to me sometimes that readers of THE TATLER may be unaware of the extreme moderation of their film critic. I should never dare to say, as a colleague did the other day, that the imbecility of a certain film "would have made an ouran-outang blush." Nor should I ever venture to describe the average Hollywood talkie in the manner of a highbrow Hollywood reviewer who alluded to "these booze-sodden romances of chorus-girls and gun-men." Yet sometimes I find it difficult to keep my estimate of bad films at the level of a reasonable luke-warmness or non-committal tepidity. Yesterday I ransacked the list of current films, and read everything that all my colleagues said about them in order to discover one which I should be able to like and recommend. I decided upon *Son of the Gods* at the Regal, largely because Mr. Atkinson told me that in this film Richard Barthelmess "provides a reminiscence of his *Broken Blossoms* performance." Well, I saw this film, and I can only say that Mr. Atkinson's reminiscences must be more easily provoked than anything in the world, including the tantrums of a *prima donna*. Further, I should have thought it almost impossible to mention the old film except as a peg for damaging comparison. *Broken Blossoms*, as I remember it, was a first-class story. *Son of the Gods* shows Hollywood merely making the usual ass of itself. Sam Lee (Richard Barthelmess) is made love to by Allana (Constance Bennett), who pursues the attractive young man in the Riviera's more expensive casinos, restaurants, terraces, etc. She would marry him, she says, if he were a penniless Hottentot, but upon discovering that he is a wealthy Chinaman, horse-whips him. After which Sam goes Chink, Allana takes to drink, and in San Francisco, or somewhere, Sam brings her back to Life and Love from the farther shores of Delirium Tremens. It is then discovered that Sam is not a Chinaman at all, but a foundling and substituted White. "Gee," says Allana, "ain't you pleased?" It is true that Sam regrets not being the son of well-born and well-educated parents, and deplores that he is the neglected off-spring of a pair of unknown and callous Whites. But what he does not point out is that any good Chink, or even any honest coolie is a great deal too good for a common little white baggage like Allana, who has every attribute of the courtesan except the generosity. The film strikes almost every possible wrong note, including the theory that a man is, by the male code of honour, defenceless before a hysterical hell-cat with a horse-whip. The male code of honour says nothing of the sort, or if it does should be instantly abolished. The scene takes place in a fashionable open-air café at Monte Carlo, and the proper things for Sam to have done were three. First, take the whip from the little spit-fire. Second, turn up her short skirts and briefly spank her. Third, raid the neighbouring tables for carafes of that cold water which is the best remedy for hysteria. The terrifying thing about this film is that the entire sisterhood of British typists will not perceive that Allana is the perfect example of feminine beastliness. The evening concluded with a magnificent, really magnificent, film of the Grand National, at the announcement of which, the entire feminine part of the audience packed up their vanity-bags and departed.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xlii

SNAPSHOTS IN SEASON

Photographic News from Here and There



ON THE CANNES PLAGE: FRAU DRENTHAUS-BARATHY, FRAULEIN AUSSEM, AND MISS WOLF

ONE UP

Fraulein Cilly Aussem, the engaging German tennis star, partners her terrier in an alternative ball game on the beach at Cannes, where she is seen most mornings. Fraulein Aussem has had a successful Riviera season, and it is to be hoped she will be competing at Wimbledon

On the right is the only daughter of H.E. Lord Tyrrell, British Ambassador to France, with her fiancé, to whom she is to be married on April 30. The wedding is to take place in Notre Dame Cathedral, and it is stated that Miss Tyrrell will be the first British woman to be married there since Mary Queen of Scots married the Dauphin of France in 1558



MR. AND MRS. GENE TUNNEY

A photograph taken at Miami Beach, where the ex-heavy-weight champion of the world has been recuperating after his recent operation. Gene Tunney's exceedingly pretty wife was formerly Miss Mary Lauder. After their marriage they made a protracted tour of Europe, during which Gene Tunney realized one of his cherished ambitions in meeting Bernard Shaw



THE HON. ANNE TYRRELL AND MR. ADRIAN HOLMAN

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL"

By

"GUARDRAIL"

THE Lincoln calls for little comment barring the fact that if Leonidas could win like that unfancied he will win again when he has been thoroughly wound up. Knight Error should also win very shortly over seven, or better still, six furlongs.

The National was one of the best we shall ever see, and the gods sent one of the few Liverpool days on which it is possible to see. It cannot be said that the field were a taking lot of horses, with the exception of the grey, Gate Book, who would win in any show ring, and Sir Lindsay, who looks a true high-class Liverpool horse. Mr. Mellon, an American sportsman, who I believe runs a pack of hounds at home, is very partial to grey horses, and bought Glangesia from Alec Law to go hunting on in America. The obstacles he encountered there seem to be a wonderful school, for the grey put up the most polished exhibition of jumping ever seen on the course, bouncing over his fences with a foot to spare. This probably took too much out of him, for he began to tire coming on to the race-course, and the race looked to be at the mercy of my tip, Sir Lindsay, who was going infinitely the best of the lot. In my opinion he should have won with ease this year, and barring accidents will win a National for certain. The winner was admirably ridden by Cullinan, who had expected to ride Sir Lindsay, and it added no note of sadness to his triumph that he had just beaten him.

It is interesting to note that that wonderful judge of a steeplechase, Captain Percy Whitaker, bought last year's first and second, Gregalach and Easter Hero, and this year's winner for patrons, and those who have designs on the big race could find no finer buyer.

Trained by Frank Hartigan and owned by the Master of the Cheshire, the horse received a tremendous ovation, and despite his uncertain birth displayed the manners of a very perfect gentleman. For what the papers are pleased to call a "nation of horse lovers" there seems to be a singular amount of ignorance as to the danger of monkeying about with the blunt end of a horse, and tired as he may be, it isn't every horse that will stand hair being pulled out of his tail by the toupet full. The Irish and Northerners were on him to a man, and many of them celebrated the result like men. In one of the big local houses a gentleman noticing "that tired feeling" coming over him, excused himself half-way through dinner, despite the hilarity of the evening, to write letters. Apparently unable, as in so many houses, to find any paper, he wandered and wandered till found two hours later in one of the smallest rooms in the house, not writing, but lying on his face dealing himself cold poker hands with the paper. It takes a load off a hostess's shoulders to find guests who can amuse themselves.

The meeting didn't seem to be as crowded as usual though there were at least the usual number at the Adelphi, the Midland, the Exchange, and Eaton Hall. The latter party included Lord and Lady Birkenhead, whose daughter, Lady Eleanor Smith, has written that charming book, "The Red Wagon," on circus life. There is no doubt that the card on the Friday, barring the big race, is not designed to attract, the races being almost exclusively confined to maiden or moderate horses, and the executive might do something towards improving the programme for a day which for a guest in the county stand is the most expensive in the whole year.

The Saturday is a far more amusing day, even if the Foxhunters' 'Chase is rather an anticlimax after the National. The pace of this race is so slow that Theorem, hopelessly tailed off in the big race, could make strong running in it, while most of the horses jumped with a hind-leg action reminiscent of the Hispano mascot till they fell. Presumably anyone who possesses a horse he considers capable of jumping the course and staying the distance runs him in the National, added to which he is very likely not eligible for the Foxhunters' under its present conditions. By stretching these a bit, but keeping the amateur status of the jockeys, shouldn't we get a better Foxhunters' and a less crowded National, while at the same time giving the amateurs their chance of a bump round, and the owners a chance of grasping at a more substantial shadow than the big race, with a moderate horse whose only possible distance is four miles or over.

The flat races only produced two horses of any note, Lord Allendale's Pharian, who won the Molyneux after having made it almost impossible for himself to do it, and Lord Derby's Caerleon, a beautifully bred colt who won the Union Jack Stakes. Apparently little fancied, a long way short of fit, and running very green, he won with ease and may be the classic horse he looks.

The most prominent members of Tattersalls, simple as they may look, have realized the fact that animals the property of Mr. H. Arnold, trained private, trained Ireland, or at Harringay, are not the property of some obscure farmer who has decided to run them because they went well to hounds. In consequence St. Tetra, which was the medium of a very big gamble, opened and started at a very short price, though he failed to be in the first three out of five.

Vivacious was another gamble backed from anything to nothing in the last race, and this also came unstuck. Probably there was something to account for both these failures and they will win shortly. It should have been a good meeting for backers, though those interested in the big gambles, of which "O" was another, would regret having gone so far to lose their money.



AT THE CLEVELAND POINT-TO-POINT

Mrs. Thompson: Mrs. Stirling-Stuart, who is a daughter of Mr. Herbert Lord, an ex-Master of the Cotswold; the Hon. Mrs. Vandy Beatty, who is a daughter of Lord Southampton and the wife of the famous Newmarket trainer; and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Fitzroy, who is Lord Southampton's daughter-in-law. This meeting was run at Easby, Yorkshire



WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

Arthur Owen

Mrs. Cowell, Mrs. Glasky, and Mr. Lysaght at one of the end of the season fixtures of the Whaddon at Bletchley, a favourite tryst

WATCHING THE BRIGADE RIDE

LADY JANE EGERTON AND
MAJOR J. C. WYNNE FINCHTHE HON. MRS. WALTER SALE
AND LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAMMAJOR-GENERAL SIR TORQUHIL AND
LADY ELIZABETH MATHESON

THE HON. MRS. MONTAGU AND MR. BELLVILLE

LADY MARY MEADE
AND LORD BROUGHAM

LADY CECILY VESEY AND LADY HAMILTON

Spring weather at its best was a pleasant feature of the Household Brigade's two-day Steeplechase Meeting at Hawthorn Hill, and lots of smart new outfits were paying a compliment to the sunshine. On the Tuesday winners were not hard to find, four out of six favourites obliging, so most of the people present were in particularly good spirits. Major J. C. Wynne Finch, who is in the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream, was standing with Lord and Lady Ellesmere's second daughter when the camera let fly at them. Mrs. Walter Sale was the Hon. Ismay FitzRoy before her marriage. She and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam are first cousins. Major-General Sir Torquhil Matheson, K.C.B., C.M.G., who married Lady Elizabeth Keppel as his second wife, is G.O.C. the 54th Division (T.A.), which has its headquarters at Hertford. Lord Brougham succeeded his grandfather three years ago. He is in the Scots Guards Supplementary Reserve. Lady Mary Meade is the daughter of Lord Clanwilliam, who used to be in the Blues, and Lady Hamilton, formerly Lady Kathleen Crichton, is the Duke of Abercorn's daughter-in-law



MR. SHANE LESLIE

An impression of the well-known author and journalist who is the son and heir of Sir John Leslie, Bt. His younger brother, Captain Norman Leslie, Rifle Brigade, was killed early on in the war. Mr. Shane Leslie has written many books, some good verse, and one play, "Mrs. Fitzherbert"

people off reading it; imagining, as they surely will, that it is goody-goody, namby - pamby, wishy - washy, and Church-y in the dreary sectarian sense. As a matter of fact I rather fought shy of it myself, until failing anything which looked more interesting on my study-table I began to read it. Before I had finished the first chapter I realized that here was a novel of modern life which promised to be extraordinarily good. Well it fulfilled that promise. "The Ship of Truth" really is an exceptionally good novel; broad-minded, sympathetic; with vision too, and so uncommonly realistic that it seems as if we actually took a part in the story ourselves. Not often, indeed, have I read a novel which so surely struck the right note throughout. From Veronica Perfect, the woman who lived with the co-respondent in her divorce case, and married him more because he himself wanted to be respectable than for anything she herself cared about respectability providing there were no children; to the little girl and baby, the children of the Rev. Clement Dyson and his wife—and children are always one of the supreme tests of a novelist's power to create successfully—there is not a character, either in what they do or, more rare, in what they say, which does not bear the unmistakable stamp of truth. We know them to be true simply because somehow or other we seem to have known them intimately in real life. The religious part of the story consists of the spiritual tragedy of Clement Dyson, the hard-working rector of a small Yorkshire parish, who suddenly realizes that he cannot believe all he is bound to preach, that in fact he doubts if there be a God at all, or if there be one, then the churches malign his limitless understanding and love rather than explain it. In parentheses, the primary causes of this sudden revolt have to be taken for granted unfortunately. He resigns his living and leaves the Church. But what is he to do? He has no money; he has a wife and two children whom he passionately loves; there is no opening for an ex-clergyman of thirty-five who has been brought up to no profession other than the Church. Nevertheless he gives up everything. He cannot play the hypocrite for the sake of mere worldly and

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

A Best-seller Which is Really Worth Reading.

IT is a pity, ideas being as they are, that Lettice Ulpha Cooper's prize-winning novel, "The Ship of Truth" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), should be labelled "religious." It will put so many

domestic comfort. His struggles to make a living, even sufficient to provide a tiny home for his family, are heart-breaking. More so because in the midst of his effort there is the great spiritual tragedy of a man whose faith has been shattered, whose mind has cut him adrift from all that he once believed immovable beyond the reach of anything that could happen to him in this world. Miss Cooper's pictures of this poor, earnest, hard-working clergyman's family are at once the most pathetic as well as the most true-to-life among anything of the same kind which I have read for a long while. Clement, bewildered and perplexed at the fact that religion plays so small a part in the lives of his congregation; yet sympathizing with them at the same time since their existence is such a hard one, their labour so endless that understandably they cannot attend communion and observe all those duties which the Church demands of them. His wife, unintelligent, yet extraordinarily nice, who

feels that poverty is grinding her down to something resembling merely a domestic machine, who yet would not live otherwise if it meant parting from her husband and her children; she is also an excellent character study. Equally real is Veronica Perfect, the local "sinner," who nevertheless understands the spiritual tragedy of Clement more clearly than anyone else. In fact, not for a very, very long time have I met a set of characters who seem more convincingly to have stepped out of the Book of Life as most of us know it, and have to work our way through its pages to the end. What is "religious" in the story is summed up thus (and it runs as a golden thread throughout the tale): "Religion in this life can't be anything but a beginning. I've discovered that it's a kind of exploring, and I expect the Church is really a beginning, a kind of exploring. I expect it's the same with all religions; only the trouble is that people get to think of them as an end, and of course they can't be. This is only what I think, but I think religion is a voyage of discovery. Some people band themselves together in companies to go on the voyage and some go alone. I think that to be banded together in a National Church would be the best and happiest and most friendly way to go, but only as long as the Church was moving, as long as it was willing to go on with the voyage. Directly it stopped trying to discover, you would have to leave it and go alone, because it's discovery that matters. The Church or any other religion is only a ship to take you there, and everyone must choose their own way of going."



SIR MICHAEL SADLER AND
MRS. A. D. DEWAR

The Master of University College, Oxford, and his sister caught by the camera fiend aboard the "Albetic" on their arrival in New York. Sir Michael Sadler is to give three of the Sachs Memorial Lectures at Teachers College and Columbia University. He is one of the foremost authorities on educational problems and has served as member of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education. He has written numerous books on education, but has not had an opportunity to visit the United States since twenty-seven years ago

Which, of course, is the mental conviction of most intelligent people whether they speak of it or no. In any case, and finally let me add that this novel is a novel of such broad sympathies, such human understanding, is so interesting from beginning to end, besides being admirably constructed and written, that it should easily become one of the best-sellers and, unlike most best-sellers, more than



Dorothy Wilding

MR. ROWLAND LEIGH

The well-known writer of lyrics and a composer of songs; some of them sung by Mr. Rex Evans

(Continued on p. 62)

A BIG NAVYITE

By George Belcher



"To tell yer the truth, I don't want 'em to do away with the Navy just yet—not till my Alfie's 'ad a bit more wear out of 'is sailor 'at"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

usually worth reading. Not often have I read a novel which depicted so truly the lives and aspirations, the handicaps and happiness, of a world of ordinary people such as you are and I.

Thoughts from "The Ship of Truth."

"When you are as near to a person as you are in marriage, loving is terribly near hating."

"Opinions don't matter half so much as everybody thinks. There's a kind of person that is religious whether he thinks he believes anything or not."

"I love having people to dinner; it's so nice when they go—and before they come."

"Directly you say in your mind 'that kind of person,' you get wrong. There isn't any 'that kind of person.' There's only each person as it comes."

"Our contacts and relationships with other people are the really interesting things in our lives."

"Moral laws are mostly made by people to keep themselves safe. They aren't exactly anything to do with goodness or religion. It's all right to punish people for breaking them, but not to call them wicked."

"If you like anyone very much, everything about them, even the things they aren't or can't do, seem to make you like them more."

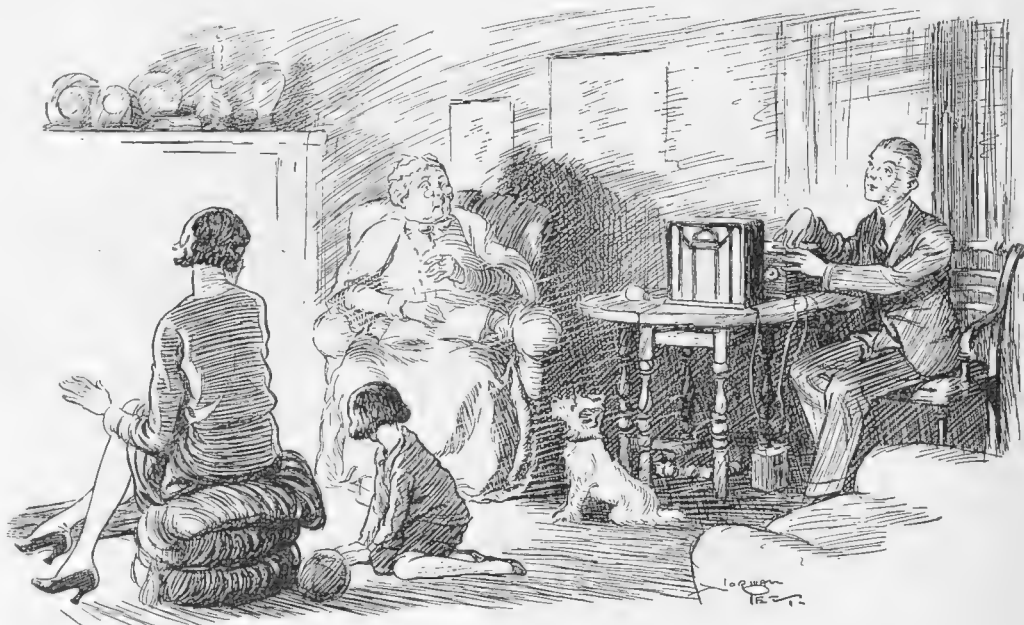
Pleasant Contemporary Gossip.

A book very easy to read, and consequently quite interesting, is Ella Hepworth Dixon's "As I Knew Them" (Hutchinson, 21s.). It is all about people, well-known people; some dead, some very much alive; all "somebodies" somewhere. And Ella Hepworth Dixon treats them from the "person. par." view-point delightfully. They are pleasant sketches of famous people in Art, Literature, Drama, Society, and Music; and although of necessity none of them are full-length portraits, they all have the happy intimacy of come-to-lunch-and-stay-to-tea aspect. A brief outline, too, of her own full and interesting life. But not much. Not enough perhaps. This, however, is a book of gossip, and it reads rather like a delightful gossip all about well-known people as you might listen to it over the tea-cups with hot buttered toast for tea. Sullivan, Oscar Wilde, Isadora Duncan—by no means a triumphant syren portrait, this!—Swinburne, George Moore, Irving, Sarah Bernhardt (true, but none too flattering, for like all great artists, she could be tiresome and exasperating), Henry James, Ibsen, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Alice Meynell, Lord Northcliffe, H. G. Wells, Max Beerbohm, and, oh, a number of others. The writer has met almost everybody worth meeting and she is a very clever journalist and a shrewd observer. The result is, as I wrote above, an interesting and enjoyable volume of personal gossip. It pretends to be nothing deeper; but it succeeds delightfully in what it sets out to do, namely, to give little personal glimpses of the famous when they are more or less out of the limelight and, if not in their carpet-slippers, at least in their comfortable clothes. Also the book is well illustrated from the kind of photographs which have not been reproduced in all directions.

Murders!

I wonder why chroniclers of famous murder stories almost invariably slip into the literary style of the old "Newgate Calendar"? Not that I object to such a literary style applied to

such a subject as murder. On the contrary, I rather like such phrases as "murder most foul," and nice little homilies from time to time on the wickedness of criminals in general and the one under discussion in particular. It seems to suit such stories as concern gentlemen who murder their paramours, or ladies who slit the throats of an entire family. In "Rope, Knife, and Chair" (Stanley Paul, 18s.), Mr. Guy Logan employs the old formula very dramatically. As the title suggests, the murders related in the book were committed in England, France, and America. Yet, strangely enough, one always likes home-made murders best. Unless, of course, in the case of such a man as Landru, whose villainy acquired a world-wide reputation. Moreover in the book under review the author has chosen some of the less hackneyed crimes. True we have the story of Mrs. Pearcey, in which Mr. Logan suggests that, contrary to belief, she had in reality an accomplice. He finds it impossible to believe that a woman, not noticeably strong, could have wheeled the body of a heavy woman and her baby all the way from Camden Town to Hampstead unaided. Also we are given the story of Beckett, who became almost a hero in his time as the "man they could not hang." Yet, for the most part, these stories of murders cover new ground. There is, for instance,



Voice of Announcer: We are now going over to the Savoy Hotel
Old Lady: I don't think they need advertise their drinking habits

the notorious case of Allaway, the Bournemouth murderer, and the almost forgotten case of Israel Lipski, the young Russian Jew who was hanged for the apparently purposeless murder of a woman in 1887. Yet for something approaching wholesale massacre one has to go to America. Among the stories told, the case of Jesse Pomeroy is at once the most ghastly as well as the most unusual. Here you have a boy of less than sixteen who murdered twenty-seven children before he was detected. When arrested, he shammed madness so successfully that he was certified insane, as he probably was, and incarcerated in an asylum for some years, subsequently released as cured; whereupon he murdered a dozen children before he was again arrested, tried once more, found guilty but insane, and returned to the asylum. Nor is he dead yet. On the Bridgewater State Farm he was, until recently, a "new" hand. And as the sole interest in a murder is the psychological aspect of the criminal and his associates, the case of Pomeroy brings to light the almost insane love of his mother for the young murderer. Even in the face of the mutilated bodies of the little children found in her own back-yard she still believed her son innocent. In fact it is for their psychological interest that the stories of murders will always be of perennial interest. Mr. Logan tells the stories very well, without, however, attaining those extraordinarily vivid pictures which Miss Tennyson Jesse contrived to paint in her book, "Murder and Its Motives." Still, speaking personally, I would far sooner read the full narrative of an actual murder than a dozen fictitious ones designed purposely to thrill me. So if you are interested in real crime here is a book which should interest you quite a lot.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxxiv of this issue

CLOAK AND SWORD AT DRURY LANE



MR. DENNIS KING (D'ARTAGNAN) AND MISS ADRIENNE BRUNE
(CONSTANCE BONACIEUX) IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"
(Inset)—MR. DENNIS KING

It is very doubtful whether the stage has ever given us a better D'Artagnan than Mr. Dennis King, or a sweeter lady-love for that picturesque hero and most expert swordsman than Miss Adrienne Brune, and even if this fine production at Drury Lane had no other heavy guns in its cast these two young people probably would carry the thing to success. It is the Ziegfeld musical version of Dumas Père's quite unkillable story, but it is immensely satisfying none the less, and is well served by Rudolf Friml's score. Miss Marie Ney gives us a really first-class performance as the infamous "Milady," and Miss Lilian Davies makes a very beautiful Queen, and, as usual, sings most divinely

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



MISS LILIAN DAVIES (ANNE QUEEN OF FRANCE)



MISS MARIE NEY (LADY DE WINTER)



MR. WILLIE ISAACS

Snapped at Alassio on the Italian Riviera, whither a good many of the English visitors have migrated from Cannes and so forth

stands. I have seen many wonderful effects in the Nice carnivals, but never anything so gorgeous as the huge Jewels Float, representing a great lacquer box full of girls wearing wonderful glittering dresses as the different jewels.

The Muse of Dressmaking was another very gorgeous car, while of course the famous Miss Monaco received a regular tornado of applause, as she and her lovely maids of honour moved by on their great red and white float. The weather proved extremely unkind for the evening's performance, which, had it been a fine night, would have been a most wonderful sight. But there was of course a huge and extremely *de luxe* gala at the Hôtel de Paris, where the favours given took the form of very handsome gold and silver head-dresses, with two huge plumes of real osprey feathers, which, curling round the wearers heads, gave a wonderful effect when the dance floor was full.

Afterwards there was a very large crowd in the Sporting Club, and I saw Mrs. Martineau (wearing black and some gorgeous emeralds). She is a most indefatigable chemmy player, and just lately has not been having very much luck. Mrs. Sofer Whitburn (who is staying a few days with Mrs. "Dick" Ward at the Villa Maryland) is just back from her big game expedition, where apparently they did not get as good sport as they expected.

The Hon. Guy Westmacott I saw also, while the Hon. Harry Stonor (who is staying with Sir John and Lady Ward at Cap Ferrat) was quite one of the best-looking men present. Princess Schomburg-Lippe in a lovely frock with beautiful jewellery, was over from Cannes for the evening, while I saw Sir Victor and Lady Stanley with Mr. Masaryk (the son of the Czecho-Slovakian President), Lord Ancaster, Sir William and Lady Pitcairn-Campbell, Admiral and Lady Sempill, Brigadier-General Hugh Cholmondeley, Mr. Thomas Marlowe, and the Earl and Countess of Lisburne, who were with M. and Madame De Bittencourt. The big baccarat table is becoming much more of a feature than it has ever been before, and there is always some very high play between tea and dinner time.

There was a most gorgeous display of nearly a hundred motor-cars *de luxe* yesterday, in connection with the *d'Élégance* fête, and there was great applause when the Hon. "Reggie" Fellowes' lovely grey two-seater, driven by his step-daughter, Princess Emmeline de Broglie, carried off first prize. This was

OUR RIVIERA LETTER

MY DEAR TATLER,
—This week-end I have been spending in Monte Carlo, where the great Fête de l'Élégance in its various forms has occupied all the last three days. With their usual lavishness the powers that be had transformed the gaily be-flowered Casino gardens into one (or rather I should say two) huge open-air stages, with narrow footways running between each. Huge tribunes and stands had been erected along each side, while the famous "Cheese" was closed to the public all day, and huge crowds watched the gorgeous Procession of the Muses as they wound their way in

and
out of
the
big



IN MONTE LAST WEEK

Sir Harry Samuel and Sir William and Lady Pitcairn-Campbell, who have been in Monte Carlo most of the winter. Sir Harry Samuel is an ex-member for Lambeth and other constituencies. Lieut.-General Sir William Pitcairn-Campbell is Colonel of the 2nd Battalion K.R.R., and a former G.O.C. the Southern Command

personally handed to her in the form of a very handsome cup by the Prince of Monaco, whilst amongst the many judges of the cars I noticed Colonel Jacques Balsan, who is only just back from his trip up the Nile, General Polotsoff, and Prince Ghika.

There were some most magnificent cars to be seen, while many of the women drivers had chosen their costumes to harmonize completely with the colour scheme of the cars they were driving.

Lord Rothermere, who is just installed at his lovely villa out at Cap Martin, is one of the highest players to be seen at the Sporting Club, while, of course, Lady MacCarthy is one of the most regular visitors to the big baccarat table, where she has won a very great deal throughout the season.

There is a wonderful display of dogs, from the most enormous cream-coloured Borzois to the tiniest golden Pokes, to be seen on the terraces all this week, and proud owners hurry by while their various charges tug on their leash and try vigorously to make friends with their many rivals. The Monte Carlo Dog Show is, of course, one of the most eagerly-looked-forward-to fixtures of the season, and I hear that Mr. Berry Wall has entered his famous golden Chow dog once more, which has already won a very great many prizes. I do not

know whether the Marchioness Spinola means to bring over her three lovely Cocker spaniel puppies from San Remo, but they scored a huge success there, and would certainly do so here if they were shown.

The third big dinner of the M.C. Club was held last night in honour of the President, Sir Walter de Frece. The members were most anxious to take this occasion of showing their appreciation of the president's devotion to the club, and also to express their hearty congratulations on Lady de Frece's return to health at last. Lord Hamilton of Dalziel was amongst the



SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ AND M. ALAIN GERBAULT

At the Beau Site courts, Cannes. The Señorita is just back from the High Alps, and has played no lawn tennis for practically eight months. So far Alain Gerbault has said nothing about again seeking a watery grave in his small boat, but you never know

There are a great many people at
(Cont. on p. xxviii)

THE CAMERA TRAINED ON SOCIETY



Paul Tanqueray
MRS. C. B. DOMVILE AND HER SON DENYS

Mrs. Domville, of whom and her son this is a very charming picture, is the wife of Mr. C. B. Domville of Loughlingtoun House, County Dublin. She is the second daughter of the Hon. Richard Bellew, and a niece of Lord Bellew, who used to be so well known and well-liked when he was in the 10th Hussars. Mrs. Domville's brother is Mr. Patrick Bellew, whose clever and amusing sketches so often embellish "The Tatler's" pages. The picture of Major-General Sir George Darell-Jeffreys and his wife, Lady Cantelupe, was taken at their house, Burkhams, Alton, Hants. Lady Cantelupe was the widow of Lord Cantelupe when she married her present husband. Sir George Darell-Jeffreys was in the Grenadiers, and amongst other things commanded the 1st Guards Brigade and afterwards the 19th Division in the European War. The Hon. Angela Greenwood is the daughter of Lord and Lady Greenwood, and will be presented this season. Lord Greenwood was created a peer in 1929



Hay Wrightson
THE HON. ANGELA GREENWOOD



Miss Compton Collier
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE DARELL-JEFFREYS AND
LADY CANTELUPE

THE PASSING SHOWS

"A Song of Sixpence," at Daly's Theatre
 "The Damask Rose," at the Savoy Theatre



MISS OLIVE BLAKENEY AND MR. JACK LAMBERT

Luella is the leader of the wives' right-to-strike movement in Ian Hay's amusing sex war play and she is here observed telling her other half, Robert Pringle, that he and his male supporters had better try a little cooking and house-work to see how they like it. Luella hails from the U.S.A.

IF your theatrical taste leans to the exotic, the erotic, or the erratic, I can scarcely commend you to *A Song of Sixpence* at Daly's. Passion, purple or puce, expressionism, neurasthenics, naughtiness—these regrettable modernisms are no concern of Messrs. Ian Hay and Guy Bolton. If, however, you like your Scotch decently diluted, here is a comedy whose straightforward simplicity, homely char-r-rm, and sentiment, is precisely the kind of entertainment for straightforward, simple, homely, charming, and sentimental people.

Dumpherston Glen contains everything that is 200 per cent. Scottish except, perhaps, a kilt and a haggis. Mr. Pringle, the stationmaster (Mr. Campbell Gullan), prefers a funeral to a wedding for convivial reasons. Andrew Tosh, of the ticket-office (Mr. Ian O. Will) stands agape at the thought of David Ballantyne, Chrissie's fiancé (Mr. Ian Hunter), going farther south than Carlisle for his honeymoon—and how! Two first-class returns to London; two seats in the sleeper. More than fifteen pounds on railway tickets.

Andrew was not brought up on Barrie, and failed to realize that when a young Scot turns romantic earth holds no larger lunatic. Fancy a builder of ideal home bungalows (with sofas convertible into beds, bookcases concealing wash-basins, and doors opening by electricity), calling for two seats on the moonlight side of the sleeper!

At the dress rehearsal of Chrissie's wedding David's national and rational self emerged from the moonbeams. Chrissie (Miss Grace Wilson) demanded an allowance for herself from David, and one for her long-suffering mother (Miss



MR. EDGAR BRUCE AND MISS GRACE WILSON
 The intervening old scoundrel, Matthew Skinner, and the high spirited bride-to-be, Chrissie, who demands that she shall have a fixed number of saxonpences before she consents to marry Mr. David Ballantyne

Adah Dick) from her bibulous father. David refused, so did Mr. Pringle, and so did his son, Robert (Mr. Jack Lambert), who was also in the building trade. Robert had returned from America six years previously with £2,000 and a wife. Luella (Miss Olive Blakeney). Luella had no bairns and a sharp tongue, from which every wise-crack in the American language tripped like water from an eel's hips.

The battle of husbands and wives then began. Case for the husbands: Housekeeping of man's life a part, but woman's whole existence. Case for the wives: Usual story of unpaid drudgery. Departure of wives to temperance hotel up the glen. Hope for Chrissie's rejected suitor, the local chartered accountant (Mr. Edmond Beresford), a kickable falsetto person with an eye to business. Thirty shillings and one night at the pictures per week regular. Offer declined. Comic plight of Pringle sen. and jun. in a house bereft of female servitude. Picture of a get-rich-quick and get-drunk-often speculator (Mr. Pringle's savings were deeply sunk in a bankrupt company for running electric trams up the glen), degenerating into alcoholic uncouthness. Picture of an inwardly-devoted husband wearing odd socks, ironing a sheet in lieu of a tablecloth, cleaning the canary's cage, etcetera.

Mr. Lambert, with artful restraint, set about his menial tasks as if he really didn't see the joke of moistening the tablecloth by the simple process of filling his mouth with water and emitting it in the manner of a barber's spray.

MR. EDMOND
BERESFORD

Dumpherston's chartered
accountant, man of busi-
ness, and lady-killer

much. Luckily Chrissie, whose resources were by now reduced to 1s. 9d., overheard the scheme while serving the dinner which she had agreed to cook for Robert's distinguished guest in exchange for a pound note. Luella, summoned to her aid, signed the cheque (David meanwhile having no further interest in life, bungalows, or romance), because the money was banked in her name. But that cutest of cuties was not for parting with the receipt. The business, or half of it, was hers. Defeat of Mr. Skinner and end of Act 2.

Act 3 reverses the sex-war picture and touches lightly on the game of business as played by two women, Luella and Eppie Duncan (Miss Marjorie MacIntyre), incapable of detecting a faked contract, subtracting 127 from 365, or producing a couple of stamps, much less settling a strike of joiners (Luella called them "sawdust hounds"), engineered by Mr. Skinner, whose downfall was swift as it was sure. Luella did not sell out at the panic price of £500. The sheep-like Robert did not become the goat's partner. The joiner's strike did not proceed. Mr. Pringle's shares did not remain at nix, for trackless trolleys were substituted for tram-lines, and the station-master became a bloated capitalist and bought the motor-car of his dreams. Whereupon all three ladies fell into the forgiving arms of their rescuers, and the song about saxpences became a hymn of re-union mingled with wedding bells for Chrissie and David.

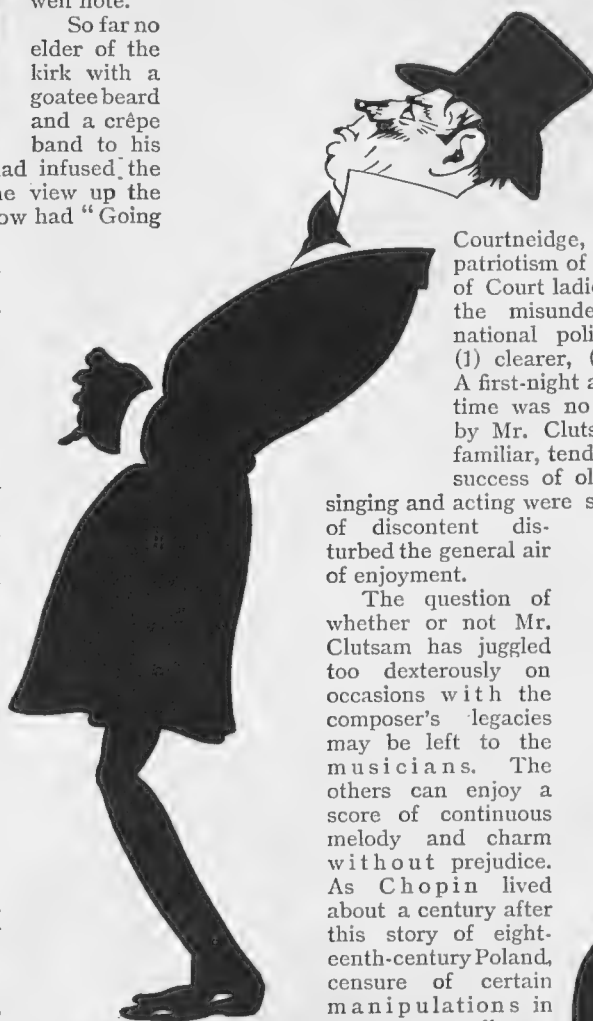
The men, headed by Mr. Gullan and Mr. Hunter distinguished themselves mightily in whatever ways of life it had pleased the author to call them. As for the ladies, Miss Adah Dick's motherly sincerity, Miss Grace Wilson's smiling, canny charm, and Miss Olive Blakeney's perfectly timed and delivered quick-fire of wise-cracks, left the equality of the sexes undisputed.

Mr. Campbell Gullan filled his pockets with biscuits shaped like tigers and elephants, and exuded alcohol with a dignified reserve that amateur actors who essay this part may well note.

So far no elder of the kirk with a goatee beard and a crêpe band to his

top hat 9 in. deep had infused the aroma of heather (the view up the glen from the bungalow had "Going North? St. Pan-

cras!" written all over it) with the proper air of kill-joy righteousness. The arrival of that fox in mourning, Mr. Matthew Skinner (Mr. Edgar K. Bruce) not only repaired this omission but carried the story a stage further—to the third Act. Mr. Skinner's plan was to buy a half share in the Ballantyne Bungalows with Robert's £2,000, knowing it to be worth three times as

MR. CAMPBELL GULLAN
Adam Pringle, the bibu-
lous station-master, the
father of the determined
heroine, Chrissie, and the
husband of a down-
trodden wife

"The Damask Rose."

At 11 p.m. the gipsies of Poland, three of whom were candidates for the Russian Ballet, presented King Stanislas with a hearth-rug and other offerings both floral and vegetable. Half an hour later His newly-elected Majesty heroically restored the lovely Wanda to the arms of Count Tarlo (Mr. Henry Millidge), who, overwhelmed by jealousy and a fur-trimmed cloak, had been consistently running a bad second, and sought comfort on the kindly bosom of his "little mother," otherwise the Countess d'Orzesco (Miss Amy Augarde). This was a disappointment to the match-making lady who had made him king, by kind consent of Queen Catherine of Russia, and secured the independence of Poland. But on the whole her diplomacy had not done too badly, for it included on the credit side a husband for herself in the person of Wanda's father, Count Volny (Mr. Walter Passmore). Indeed this happy conclusion

to a twenty-year-old romance set a fitting seal to an evening mainly composed of old-world charm, spaciouly declining to be hurried.

It may be sacrilege to suggest that what the authors of the book, Messrs. G. H. Clutsam and Robert

Courtneidge, had to say about the patriotism of peasants and the courtliness of Court ladies, and the love-making, and the misunderstandings, and the international politics, might have been said (1) clearer, (2) quicker, and (3) funnier. A first-night audience to whom apparently time was no object, were so enraptured by Mr. Clutsam's potpourri of Chopin's familiar, tender, graceful melodies and the success of old favourites (Miss Augarde's

singing and acting were second to none), that no wave of discontent disturbed the general air of enjoyment.

The question of whether or not Mr. Clutsam has juggled too dexterously on occasions with the composer's legacies may be left to the musicians. The others can enjoy a score of continuous melody and charm without prejudice. As Chopin lived about a century after this story of eighteenth-century Poland, censure of certain manipulations in tempo may well pass for pedantry in a free-trade country. Stanislas (Mr. John Morel) sang splendidly, and Wanda (Miss Wilma Berkeley) won golden opinions for a daz-

ling display of coloratura. Mr. Billy Leonard worked unremittingly in the lost cause of humour, and Miss Nancie Lovat assisted him with a nice sincerity. The scenery and dresses were particularly charming. If the book of "Chopin time" were as crisp and entertaining as *Lilac Time* there would be no need to suggest that the best way to make a rose grow to perfection is to prune it. But perhaps the damask variety is an exception. "TRINCULO."



MR. IAN HUNTER

As David Ballantyne, the pawky bridegroom-to-be who is in the bungalow-building industry. The war between the sexes ends in a draw

AINTREE

MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND
MISS COOMBE

PHIL SCOTT

SNAPSHOTS

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND
SIR FREDERICK PONSONBYLORD AND LADY HARTINGTON
IN THE PADDOCKLORD GRIMTHORPE AND MRS. LLOYD
THOMASMR. AND MRS. FEARNLEY-
WHITTINGSTALL

All these people, as well as about another quarter of a million, saw the great battle for the Grand National between Shaun Gollin and Melleray's Belle, with Sir Lindsay looking all over a winner till his jockey lost both "pedals" at the last fence. There has never been anything closer than a neck! It would be easier to say who was not rather than who was there, but of those in these quite inadequate snapshots, numbering off from the top to the bottom, Mr. Randolph Churchill is the son of Mr. Snowden's "sparring partner"; Phil Scott is quite himself again; the Duchess of Westminster is with her father, who was, of course, in the big house-party the Duke and Duchess had at Eaton for Aintree; the Marquess of Hartington is the Duke of Devonshire's son and heir and married Lady Mary Cecil; Lord Grimthorpe, an ex-Joint-Master of the Middleton, sold his National horse, The Gosling, just before the race, with naturally a winning contingency; Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall is better known to her admiring public as Miss Eileen Bennett; and her artist husband has painted her portrait for this year's Academy

AT HOME AND ABROAD



IN THE SPRING TIME: URSULA JAMES AND PATRICIA BEAUCHAMP



IN DUBLIN: LORD BROUGHAM AND MISS OLIVE PLUNKET
Vivyan Poole, Dublin



THE MARCHESE AND MARCHESA MARCONI



ENGAGED: MR. R. J. HARDY AND THE HON. DIANA ALLSOPP
McCann

The most interesting picture on this page is that of the Marchese Marconi, who with his beautiful wife, formerly the Contessa Bezzi-Scali, were on board his yacht "Elletra" in Genoa when, with his beam wireless radio, he turned off the electric lights in Sydney, Australia. What Marconi's next leap forward is going to be no one quite knows. Mr. R. J. Hardy, whose engagement has been announced to Lord and Lady Hindlip's pretty little daughter, is the son of Major Bertram Hardy, who is Joint Master of the Meynell with Mr. "Chatty" Green, formerly North Cotswold. Lord Brougham and his fiancée, Miss Plunket, were at St. Anne's, Dublin, the home of the bride-to-be's father, the Hon. and Most Reverend Bishop Plunket of Meath. Ursula James, the daughter of Lady Serena James and a grand-daughter of Lord Scarbrough, and Patricia Beauchamp, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp's little girl, were doing a bit of fast work in the Park



YVONNE PRINTEMPS

Gerschel

In the new Guitry show, "Vive Le Théâtre," in which Yvonne is seen as the orchestra conductor who indulges in the time-honoured old wheeze of getting the stalls to sing with "him"

deep feeling for the dead man and in affectionate support of his widow; no one was just merely "being polite," as is so often the case at some of the big funerals in this country. Mrs. Adam was her husband's literary partner in many ways, and collaborated in several of his books, for she herself is an author and journalist of note. It seems so very sad that such real mates should be separated so early. George Adam was only forty-six, and many years of mutual work and companionship seemed to be yet ahead.

Sacha Guitry's new revue, *Vive le Théâtre*, at the Théâtre de la Madeleine, was more than usually an event this week since Sacha—who is exceedingly peevish about all critics who do not bow down and slavishly worship—had cut out the usual *répétition générale* that, in France, serves to introduce a new play to an audience of critics and invited guests. The opening night therefore took place before a house packed with *cochons de payants* (to use a time-honoured theatrical phrase to which the pigs-of-players themselves do not think fit to object) largely composed of Sacha's personal friends and a few critics who are notorious for their mansuetude. During the interval it was agreed by the survivors—who were in less mild a

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER,—I cannot bear to think that last week, while I was cheerily writing to you about George Adam's most successful biography of "The Tiger," he himself was setting out on the "last lonely journey" only a few streets away. His death was so totally unexpected, for although he never quite got back to his old form after the terrible automobile accident he had in Germany a few years ago, nothing of late had presaged such a tragically sudden *dénouement* as this. It was a terrible shock to his numerous friends, for he was one of the most popular, as well as the most notable, members of the British Press in Paris. The Wesleyan Church in the rue Roquépine, where the funeral service was conducted by the Rev. W. Allen, was filled with a profoundly sorrowing crowd; one felt that everyone present really wanted to be there out of their

mood than usual, since it seems that even a worm will turn when its brother's tail is trodden upon—that their banished *confrères* were lucky, for "Vive le Théâtre" is quite the poorest show that Sacha has given us for a long time. To use an old *cliché*, it was of curate's egg quality; Sacha, at his worst, cannot be entirely without talent, but the egg was of the size that one would only expect from an amateur.

That Yvonne Printemps looked delightful in Jeanne Lanvin frocks, and acted en-

chantingly, goes without saying, and the long musical *pot-pourri* that she warbles to the moon when she appears as Alain Gerbault on the *Fire Crest* alone in mid-ocean gave us a ten-minutes' thrill that almost made us forgive Sacha the very painful and petulantly childish scene in which he appears in dirty and slovenly garb as a dramatic critic. According to Sacha a critic is nothing else than an embittered and envious individual whose greatest joy is to destroy those dramatists whom "the gods" have loved too well. Given the very poor reception that this *boutade* was accorded by the paying public, and even by Sacha's friends, one can only hope that it has since been suppressed.

Another redeeming scene was that which passed between a Bright Young Thing (Yvonne) and her Somewhat Sentimental Lover (Sacha). Their mutual recriminations are most diverting and most true: She is too swift. Too fond of all the artificial joys of the times: He is too slow. Too fond of dwelling in the past; nevertheless since they are deeply attached to each other they are on the verge of making up their quarrel when a police whistle is heard without and the "traffic cop" in the street below informs the B.Y.T. in answer to her indignant query that "she can't

(Continued on p. xxviii)



AND YVONNE AGAIN

Gerschel

In a charming early-spring hat and plenty of hair. "Vive Le Théâtre," Sacha and Yvonne Guitry's new show, is at the Madeleine, and whilst the critics are kind they do not think Sacha quite in his usual form



TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT . . . FILMS

Arib, Paris

Mme. Madeleine Renaud, one of the most charming of the younger actresses of the Comédie Française, who has just had a great success as Marguerite de Valois in the historical play, "Les Trois Henri" (Henri III, Henri de Guise, and Henri IV), recently produced at that theatre, is seen with her young son, who seems to be keen on following in mother's footsteps

ON THE SET!



ANITA PAGE AND BUSTER KEATON IN "ON THE SET"



ANNA MAY WONG AND GEORGE SCHNELL IN "THE FLAME OF LOVE"

It is said that Buster Keaton has never been known to smile—on the films—and that he is the Alfred Lester of the movies, but in this new film, "On the Set," in which he has to make ardent love to the beautiful Anita Page, there is a rumour that he breaks his general rule. The report is that the famous comedian makes a first-class lover. Anita Page is only nineteen, and is one of the blondes in which Hollywood rather specializes. The première of the English version of British International's big "talkie," "The Flame of Love" production, took place on Saturday, April 5, at the Alhambra. In this picture the public have their first opportunity of hearing Anna May Wong talking and singing. Her "American" is perfect, as she was born and educated in Los Angeles. Gary Cooper, who is at least 6 ft. 2 in., was educated for part of the time in England though born in Montana, and he is just twenty-nine. Fay Wray is a Canadian and, was originally on the stage. She has been leading lady in some of Emil Jannings' big pictures and is a star of the first magnitude



GARY COOPER AND FAY WRAY IN "THE TEXAN"

THE KING OF EGYPT, CHEZ LUI



H.M. KING FUAD I.



THE Koubbeh PALACE. NEAR CAIRO

PRINCE FARUK AND THE
PRINCESSES FAUZIA
AND FAIZA

THE PRINCESS FAIZA



THE CROWN PRINCE FARUK



THE ABDINE PALACE, CAIRO

King Fuad I of Egypt, of whom and of whose late these recent pictures are published on this page, is the most other monarchs, extremely hard-working, and is said that he puts in between thirteen and fourteen hours a day at his desk, and in addition has a long list of public engagements, so his leisure moments are numerous. The King is sixty-two, and is the son of the Khedive Ismail, the grandson of Ibrahim Pasha, the conqueror of Syria in 1832 and 1839, and the great-grandson of Mahomed Ali founder of the present Egyptian Dynasty. King Fuad was born in the Koubbeh Palace, near Cairo, on March 26, 1868. His Majesty received his early military training with the Egyptian Army. He is a very devoted husband and father, and married Queen Nazli, 1919. He races a bit, fishes a bit, and is a very keen amateur photographer. The son of the King, Prince Faruk, was born in 1920, and the King has two daughters, who are younger, are the Princesses Fauzia, and Faika.

SOME JUMPING CELEBRITIES



A KEY TO THE PICTURE

On the left Mr. Eric Platt, the owner of the impetuous Kingsford, who was entered for the National and subsequently scratched; Stott was (and is) his jockey; Mr. Dawkins, the well-known handicapper; Mr. Topham, clerk of the course and handicapper at Aintree; Captain J. B. Powell, who trains for Mr. Gordon Selfridge and others; W. Parvin is the stable jockey; Sir Keith Fraser, owner of poor old Ardeen, who broke his back the other day; and Ted Leader and Mr. Laddie Sanford centre back



"In the course of an hour the wind had further increased to a moderate gale"

Sport in the Arctic, and Other Memories

A TIGHT PLACE. By MAJOR F. G. JACKSON.

BIG game shooting is somehow always associated with narrow escapes and "tight places."

Perhaps few points are more difficult to decide than the "tightest place" one has ever been in, but this is a question I have often been asked.

During an adventurous life, which some men lead, of necessity "tight corners," if not of frequent occurrence, are at all events not rare—near squeaks of being shot, narrow escapes from drowning or breaking one's neck, or a dangerous animal nearly charges home, all vividly recall to mind occasions on which the Grim Sportsman with the scythe and hour-glass has been menacingly close, and but for presence of mind and coolness, or a lucky chance, nothing more would have been left in the hunter's list of requirements than a burial party, if he has any aspirations in that direction.

Looking at the question all round, it may perhaps be best defined by circumstances involving a narrow escape from death, combined with a lengthy period of bodily discomfort, mental anxiety, and apparent hopelessness of escape.

Such an occasion I well recall during a polar expedition which I commanded in the years 1894, '95, and '96.

It was in the summer of 1895, after the ice had broken up, and we had succeeded, by blasting and sawing, in releasing our ship from her icy bed in the floes and had started her on her return voyage to civilization, that I decided on a boat journey from our quarters on Cape Flora, Franz Josef Land, along the southern coast to the west, to endeavour to pass if possible the farthest point yet seen in that direction, beyond which the world was shrouded in mystery, and so to discover and map in the seas and lands beyond that gateway to the then Unknown.

The natural conditions which prevailed were anything but promising for a boating expedition, but as these were out of our power to alter, we had to take them as we found them. The land was covered with perpetual ice of many hundreds of feet in thickness, which by over-running hills and dales, and thus levelling up points and depressions in one solid mass, gave the country a turtle-back appearance in contour. This huge glacier formed all along the coast-line high ice precipices from 40 to 100 ft. above sea level, and only at long intervals of many miles was this barrier interrupted for a few hundred yards by a beach formed of broken-down debris from the rocks above, which kept back the ice.

Landing was out of the question except upon the distant beaches referred to. Sudden and severe storms frequently arise in this country with little warning. These conditions render boating exceptionally dangerous, for in the event of a sudden gale coming on, the likelihood of reaching a spot of safety where it is possible to land is exceedingly problematical. The ice-covered sea and arctic climate add their own peculiar difficulties to such enterprises.

The only available craft was a whale-boat, 25 ft. 7 in. in length and 5 ft. in beam, carvel built, and undecked. She was fitted by us with lug and jib sails, and a rudder in place of the usual steering oar. Her timbers were not in the best condition, having seen many years, but she was the best we had.

In the second week of July, 1895, we left Cape Flora, and after an adventurous and dangerous voyage, exploring and mapping the whole coast from that point to Cape Neale in the west, we succeeded in effecting a landing upon this previously unattained spot.

(Continued on p. 2)



A (B)ROADWAY MELODY

By Hynes

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PLAYER'S



BACHELOR

CORK TIPS

PLAYER'S BACHELOR

CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

10 FOR 6^p 20 FOR 1^{/-}

50 FOR 2^{/-} 6



Bachelors are Different

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M A D M O N

IN TOWN AND OUT



AT THE "H.H." POINT-TO-POINT: MRS. REITH KERR AND LORD AND LADY BASING



LADY ROSEMARY AGAR AND LORD SOMERTON



AT THE WARWICK RACES: THE HON. MRS. GARLAND EMMET AND MRS. PEPYS



Arthur Owen

MISS DIANA CHURCHILL



WITH THE QUORN: LADY RAVENSDALE AND MAJOR BURNABY, M.F.H.

There was a bumper entry of one hundred and eleven for the Hampshire Hunt Point-to-Point, which was run over Norton Farm, near Alton. They had a Tote in full swing and a long card of seven 'chases, including one for the Gunners from Aldershot and the 2nd Battalion Shropshire L.I. regimental race. Lord Basing used to be in the Royals, when he was Captain the Hon. John Slater-Booth. Lord Somerton is Lord Normanton's son and heir, and is with his youngest sister. They also were at the H.H. Point-to-Point. The Hon. Mrs. Gar Emmet and Mrs. Pepys were at the Warwick Spring Meeting. Mrs. Emmet is one of Lord Portman's sisters, and has only just recovered from a dislocated shoulder she got out with the Warwickshire—a fall on the tarmac. Lady Ravensdale and the famous Quorn Master were at Baggrave the day they rang the curtain down on a bumper season. Sir Harold Nutting, ex-Master of the Meynell, joins Major Burnaby as Joint Master for season 1930-31. Miss Diana Churchill, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, was helping at the matinée at the Chelsea Palace in aid of the Chelsea Housing Improvement Society. H.M. the Queen was graciously present

WITH THE COUNTY DOWN STAGHOUNDS



MR. F. W. WORKMAN, M.S.H.

THE HON. MRS. HERBERT DIXON AND
COMMANDER KIRKPATRICK

THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN

LIEUT.-COMMANDER OSCAR HENDERSON AND HIS
SON BILLYH.E. THE DUKE OF ABERCORN AND SAM GILLSON.
THE HUNTSMAN

Poole, Dublin

All these snapshots were taken when this famous pack of Ulster Staghounds met at Hillsborough Castle, which was formerly the Marquess of Downshire's seat, but is now the official residence of the Governor of Northern Ireland, H.E. the Duke of Abercorn, who is in the picture with Gillson the huntsman, who was formerly with the Cottesmore. The County Down hunt the carted stag. There are no fox-hound packs in Northern Ireland. Mr. F. W. Workman is Joint-Master with Sir Joseph McConnell. The Hon. Mrs. Herbert Dixon is a sister of Lord Clanmorris. Captain the Right Hon. Herbert Dixon is head of the Unionist party in Northern Ireland. Commander Henderson is private secretary to His Excellency



LADY GEORGE WELLESLEY AND MISS PAMELA WELLESLEY (also inset)

Miss Pamela Wellesley, who is to be presented by her mother at one of this season's Courts, is the daughter of the late Lord Richard Wellesley, who was Lady George Wellesley's first husband, who was killed in action in 1914. Lord and Lady George Wellesley were married in New York in 1917, and have a son, Richard Wellesley, who was born in 1920. Lord George Wellesley is a son of the present Duke of Wellington. The dates of the first four Courts are May 14, 15, 27, and 28. A fifth Court will be held early in July on a date which has yet to be announced.

Photographs by Yevonde, Victoria Street



"Yes, by Heaven . . . horsemen riding
out in pursuit!"

Secret Service in Red Russia

By SIR PAUL DUKES

CHAPTER II.

THE burning question of the day was whether the Allies were going to intervene in Russian affairs. On all fronts counter-revolutionary generals, with badly organized and poorly equipped armies, were preparing crusades against the Red Government.

As it was known that the Soviet Government regarded the British Empire as its deadliest foe and therefore the main field for revolutionary propaganda, it was naturally hoped that the British would materially support this crusade.

Petrograd being the key to Russia, and the island fortress of Cronstadt the key to Petrograd, I was instructed to elucidate the conditions prevailing in that famous fortress in case naval operations should be undertaken against it in the spring.

With this commission I prepared to return again to Red Russia.

I had had my beard trimmed in Stockholm and there passed as a Frenchman, but it soon began to grow shaggy again. My friends the Finnish smugglers recognized me when I turned up with the request once more to be put across the River Sestro at night.

"This man is incorrigible," exclaimed the cadaverous leader, throwing up his hands. "He is absolutely resolved to get shot!"

Winter had set in. The river was frozen hard. The meadow across which I had run from the Red patrols was swathed in a blanket

of snow. It was not, as on that occasion, a pitch-black night. A half-moon bathed the countryside in its sweet, cold rays, and all dark objects stood out monstrous on the grey-blue ground.

I had paid the men well when they put me over in the boat. This time they absolutely refused compensation, but they sold me a large white sheet for which I was glad to pay liberally. The sheet was to enshroud myself in, in the hope that it would render me invisible in the snow.

Crouching in the bushes, I wrapped it completely round me, leaving a hole to look out through. My companions were concealed nearby keeping a look-out. The moment I heard their word that all was quiet on the Russian side I bent low and dashed out into the open.

The frozen river was crossed in a flash, and I scrambled up the bank the other side, holding the sheet tightly round me with one hand while I helped myself with the other. My first glance was towards the cottage on the left whence the patrols had emerged last time. The windows were dark.

The sheet was a clumsy thing to move quickly in. I stumbled. The sheet became undone. I pulled it hastily over me and lay huddled up to make sure I was not observed. But all was still. I regained confidence.

The trees loomed up close before me at last. I thought I knew the ground, but everything looked different in winter aspect. I



THE FORGED DOCUMENT USED BY THE AUTHOR
The translation of this most interesting document is:
"This is to certify that Joseph Afirenko is in the service of the Petrograd Tcheka in the capacity of office clerk, as confirmed by the attached seal and signatures"

Elizabeth Arden

Creates The Ageless Woman

YOU HAVE MET HER!



AT all smart social functions—at all brilliant gatherings, she is certain to appear—this woman who refuses to grow old. You may hazard a guess as to her age, but at most, it will be only a guess, for her appearance which reflects radiant, sparkling youth denies the years she has lived. There is a magnetism and charm about her. She is popular, for while words of wisdom, gleaned

through the passing years, flow from her lips, she has the captivating grace of the debutante. If she will confide to you the secret of her ageless charm, you will invariably find she uses Elizabeth Arden preparations. Her gracious poise and outstanding charm she attributes to the use of these preparations which not only make her look her best, but make her feel her best

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smartest shops in all cities of the world

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
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VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
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A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face, as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

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A pure, vaguely scented powder, made for those who demand the extreme of quality. Tints: Ardena (a flesh tint), Rachel, Mat Foncé (a flattering shade for the average skin), Ocre (a sunburn shade), White, Minerva (a warm, natural color), Banana (warmer and deeper than Rachel), and Poudre de Lilas (a mauve shade for evening) 12/6

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A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles 4/6, 10/6, 16/6

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Fills out fine lines and wrinkles, leaves the skin smooth and firm. Excellent for an afternoon treatment at home 4/6, 12/6

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For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin 9/6, 17/6

VENETIAN PORE CREAM
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VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION
Use with an eye-cup, morning and night, to cleanse and tone the eyes 4/6, 10/6

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE CREAM
Fills out lines and wrinkles around the eyes. Leave a little on the skin around the eyes overnight 6/-

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AT THE NATIONAL: LADY ROSEBERY, HER DAUGHTER, AND LORD CASTLEROSSE

In the quite record crowd at this year's National. Lady Rosebery is the charming wife of the famous Master of the Whaddon, and Lord Castlerosse is a most diligent pen-man

THE magnificent finish we saw in this year's Grand National may never be beaten unless some day there is a head, a short head, or a dead-heat, but a neck is close enough, and it was quite on the cards that if Sir Lindsay had had a smooth passage over the last fence, where his jockey had his feet torn out of the irons it might have been a matter of "two necks," and who knows which of these three would have been in front as things were. Personally I think Sir Lindsay looked most like a winner, and I say this in spite of my admiration for Shaun Goilin and Melleray's Belle, which I happened to tip, to be placed behind Grakle. In the last eleven Nationals, i.e. from and including 1920, we have only had one such fight as we had this year, and that was in 1927 when Bright's Boy, Sprig, and Bovril III—all three of them chestnuts incidentally—were all practically level at the last fence, and Sprig eventually won by a length from Bovril III, both all out. I think this is where we ought to take our hats off to Mr. E. A. Topham, the handicapper. It is rarely that anyone can bring them as close together as this in a long distance 'chase, though of course it has happened. The following little table may tell the rather interesting story of the past eleven Nationals very shortly:

1920	Troytown beat The Turk 12 lengths. 6 out of 24 finished.
1921	Shaun Spadah only one of 35 not to fall.
1922	Music Hall beat Drifter 12 lengths. 5 out of 32 finished.
1923	Sergeant Murphy beat Shaun Spadah 3 lengths. 7 out of 28 finished.
1924	Master Robert beat Fly Mask 4 lengths. 8 out of 30 finished.
1925	Double Chance beat Old Tay Bridge 4 lengths. 9 out of 33 finished.
1926	Jack Horner beat Old Tay Bridge 3 lengths. 14 out of 30 finished.
1927	Sprig beat Bovril III 1 length. 7 out of 37 finished.
1928	Tipperary Tim beat Billy Barton a distance. 2 out of 42 finished.
1929	Gregalach beat Easter Hero 6 lengths. 10 out of 66 finished.
1930	Shaun Goilin beat Melleray's Belle a neck. 6 out of 41 finished.

It seems to be about time that a grey horse won the National again, and from the way in which two greys, first Gatebook and then Glancesia, cut out the work it might easily happen again—for it has only happened twice in the whole history of the great race, and the same horse did the trick each time. This was The Lamb who won in 1868 and 1871. He is said to have been only about 14 $\frac{1}{2}$, not as big as a lot of the things we see playing polo, and he must have been a little wonder as the

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

second time when Mr. Thomas rode him he had 11 $\frac{1}{2}$. The Lamb was an entire, and is one of the seventeen who have won it. Grudon (1901) was the last entire to win it. Of the very few other grey horses which have competed were Foscoe, fourth to Emblem, in 1863; Sultana, second to Austerlitz, in 1877; Down Patrick, third to Empress, in 1880; and that grand-shaped French horse, Trianon III, second to Sunloch, in 1914. Glancesia ran fourth this year and jumped the living best all the way! So how about next year for the greys?

"The Hog-Hunters' Annual," Vol. III., of which a copy has just been sent to me by the joint editors, Captain Nugent Head and Captain Scott Cockburn, both 4th Hussars, the regiment which holds the record in the Kadir Cup, is the best number yet produced. A thing like this naturally must take some time to get into its stride, and now it has done it is jumping the country with tremendous success and is really a first-class production upon which all hands—editors, contributors, and publishers and printers ("The Times of India")—are due our felicitations. Before going any further, and in order to answer many inquiries, the places at which "The Hog-Hunters' Annual" can be obtained in England are Partridge and Cooper, 121, Fleet Street, and the Agent, "The Hog-Hunters' Annual" Witherington, House, Andoversford, Gloucestershire. Another question which I should also like to answer here and now is about the next Hog-Hunters' Dinner in London. At the meeting of the committee after last year's dinner it was decided that the dinner should be held triennially, and therefore the next one will not take place till 1932, and the time of year suggested by the committee is some date between the Derby and Ascot. As to Volume III, "The Hog-Hunters' Annual," it is a comprehensive record of the operations against the bravest animal in all the world as could be conceived, and besides containing a full and particular account of last year's Kadir Cup—which incidentally Captain Nugent Head won on Bullet Head, which horse

Captain Scott Cockburn rides this year—there are records of the doings of all the Tent Clubs in India, and a most excellent map of the regions in which pig-sticking takes place in India. There are also any number of excellent articles, sketches by "Snaffles" and other artists, photographs, yarns, and verse. It is a first-class 7s. 6d. worth, or in India Rs. 5 worth, and I heartily congratulate the editors upon a really genuine winner.

(Cont. on p. xx)



LADY ZETLAND AND LADY VIOLA DUNDAS
Another snapshot at the National. The present Marquess of Zetland succeeded on the death of his father last year. He was then Lord Rosalshay, and had not long returned from that troublesome place, Bengal, of which he was a most excellent Governor. Lord Zetland is one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club

*A Masterpiece
by
An Old Master*



John Haig

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

Haig

THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD



Elmer Fryer

IN THE "BRIGHT LIGHTS" FILM: DOROTHY MACKAILL

She plays Louanna in this talkie, and her song, "I'm Just a Man About Town," which she is seen singing, is one of the hits bang in the centre of the target. The "town" behind her of course is "Noo York City" as it will be some day

THE following story is told by Sir Harry Lauder in his little book, "My Best Scotch Stories":

"Two old Forfar men met each other in the Scotch express from London. They were going home to the town of their birth after several years abroad. Among the many things they spoke about was an old bosom companion whom they were both keen to see again. So they decided they would call together at the house and take him by surprise.

"It was late in the evening when they got to Forfar, and inquiry revealed the fact that 'Weemie' was still living in the same old house. They walked up and knocked at the door. A woman answered their summons.

"Does Maister Lamond still live here?" asked one of the strangers.

"Aye, just cairry him in!" said the lady in a matter-of-fact voice!"

A man had just returned to England on leave after three years' absence. When he went up to his golf club for his first game he happened to get the same caddie as before. Now the golfer was an enthusiastic but not very proficient player, and as he finished his first round he said to the caddie, "Well, do you see any difference this time?" "Oh, yes, sir," said the bag-carrier; "I see you've gone in for steel shafts now."

A burly man stood in the dock listening to a pathetic plea put forward by a barrister on his behalf. He drew a touching picture of the man's home life, and upon the suffering that would fall upon his innocent wife and children if he were convicted. When he had finished the prisoner turned to a warder and asked, "Who is the bloke what's been talkin'?" "That," whispered the warder, "is your counsel. He's been trying to get you off." "Melancholy bounder, ain't he?" said the prisoner.

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A little boy arrived home one day with his clothes full of holes. "Whatever's happened?" shrieked his mother. "You have ruined your new suit." The boy looked very sheepish, but did not reply. What have you been doing?" asked his mother again.

"Playing shops," replied the child.

"But how did you come to get your suit full of holes?" questioned the puzzled mother.

"Well," explained the boy, "we all had to be something in the shop."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"I was the Swiss cheese."

"I say, old man," said he confidentially to his friend, "if I were you I wouldn't let my wife go round saying she made a man of you. You don't hear my wife saying that."

"No," replied the other snappily, "but I heard her telling my wife that she did her best."

A woman was in the witness-box in a case being tried by Justice Dunne of Brooklyn, and to every question put by the barrister cross-examining her she retorted with a query of her own, "Who—me?"

"Where were you at nine o'clock on the night of —, etc?" the barrister would ask, and she would retort, "Who—me?"

"Did you actually see the defendant do so-and-so?"

"Who—me?"

This went on for quite a while, and eventually led to considerable wrangling. Finally the witness announced that she was tired of the whole matter, and declared angrily, "I didn't come here to answer a lot of foolish questions. I came here to see justice done."

Justice Dunne lifted his eyebrows in mock incredulity.

"Who—me?" he asked.

Miss Connie Ediss, the well-known actress, tells an amusing story of a man who saw an advertisement in a bird shop window for a man to retail imported parrots. He stopped, examined the placard closely, and then entered the shop. "I notice," he said, "that you are advertising for a man to retail imported parrots."

"Yes," replied the proprietor, "have you had any experience in that line?"

"Oh, no," said the other, airily. "I merely wanted to know how the parrots lost their tails!"



"THE DANCER": A STUDY

A case of "the form, the form alone is eloquent." This pretty study of the nude comes from Vienna

SKIN STARVATION MAKES YOU OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME ●



There is only one successful way to fight it—

Look around you at any gathering of women. How many tragedies of starved skins do you see? Skins that should be soft as petals, dry as parchment. Skins creased and wrinkled before their time, adding tens of years to women who should be lovely. Skins masked with powder that have a cold, dead look, instead of a delicate bloom. Everywhere, under-nourishment at its deadly work. In these days of crowded, artificial life, the oils of the skin begin to dry at an alarmingly early age. Cyclax Skin Food is the one successful way to combat skin starvation. To-day it is your own fault if your skin is being ruined by under-nourishment. Cyclax Skin Food carries on nature's work of feeding the tissues, filling the tiny oil cells, throwing off old dead skins and showing the new, perfectly nourished fresh one. Whether you are twenty or forty, your skin needs Cyclax Skin Food. Begin a new life for it to-day.

CYCLAX SKIN FOOD!

Cyclax Skin Food for normal skins, Cyclax Special Skin Food for dry skins, Cyclax Baby Skin Food for super-sensitive skins, 4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 28/-. Obtainable from all good stores, hairdressers and chemists. Ask too for the free Cyclax booklet "The Art of Being Lovely" which tells you all about the wonderful Cyclax Beauty Preparations.

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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.



THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON LABOUR AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MADRAS

Klein & Peyerl, Madras

A group taken last month in Madras, where it is never really cool. H.E. the Governor is a brother of the Earl of Derby, and Lady Beatrix Stanley is a sister of the Marquess of Headfort

The names in this group, left to right, are: Back row—Captain Curtis, Major Johnstone, Mr. I. Green, Captain Bootle-Wilbraham, Captain Craster, Captain Eastman, Major Watson, Captain Sir Charles Buchanan, Captain the Earl of Shannon; middle row—Mr. K. Ahmed, Mr. J. H. Green, Mrs. Johnstone, Mr. Lall, Miss Stanley, Mr. John Cliff, Lady Mary Campbell, Mr. Dibdin, Mr. Lumley; seated—Lieut.-Colonel Russell, The Countess of Shannon, Sir Alexander Murray, Miss Le Poer Power, H.E. the Right Hon. Sir George Stanley (Governor of Madras), The Right Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, H.E. Lady Beatrix Stanley, Sir Victor Sassoon, Miss Harrison, Mr. Clow

Age of Miracles.

I AM just a wee little bit ashamed of the profession of journalism which I have embraced or, as the case may be, which has embraced me. Not long after I had first put my tentative Swan nib (14-ct.) to foolscap, a very wise old gentleman assured me that if I knew *anything* for certain, Fleet Street would offer me no opportunities of amassing wealth. He said that if you wanted to do any good with the "dailies" you had to guess and to guess wildly, that if you had any sound information you must cast it from you as a thing unclean, and that if what you had written turned out to be absurdly wrong you must regard that as the first step in a triumphal staircase that would ultimately lead you to a peerage. This old chap had a pair of eyes like Zeiss binoculars. I often wish he could have bequeathed them to me, for I never knew such a wight for seeing right down to the core of things. How he would have chuckled over this latest Marconi business. But even I could see that the great, the wonderful, the marvellously informed Press would make a glorious mess of it. Marconi told the world—and quite justifiably—that from his yacht *Elettra* in Genoa Bay he would control 10,000 electric lamps in Australia. The news editors and their singularly ill-informed sycophants at once construed this to mean that all these lamps were to be lit from power originated in the *Elettra*. Hence next morning I had to face columns of guff about the new era of motoring having set in, when instead of bothering about out-of-date petrol (and fuel oil) we should collect radiant energy sufficient to drive our cars from loop aerials concealed in the saloon roof or in the tool-box. This energy would, of course, be "generated at the pit mouth." That is an expression that always goes down well. Now I do not pretend to be a serious scientist, but I know enough to be able to say that this sort of thing is the purest bunk. To put it shortly, wireless (which is a miracle) is not the cartridge, but only the delicate trigger that touches the cartridge off. Wireless can transmit that which will control power, but it is utterly absurd to suppose that it can transmit power itself. Not even a Socialist Government would go in for a power distribution scheme which could claim no more than that one millionth-billionth-trillionth part of its energy was usefully employed. Of course all that Marconi did on this last occasion—which was a big thing in itself—was to control a relay over 11,000 miles. Well, I have heard in England an Australian

short-wave station, and it would not take much ingenuity to make the vibrations of the 'phones also control a relay. I would not have referred to this matter were it not that this very day I met a man who was quite seriously thinking about deferring his acquisition of a new car. "In a year or two they'll all be electric . . . Marconi, you know." "Petrol," I said, "will serve you for *your* life-time." Somehow I don't think I made myself riotously popular. But doesn't this guff make you tired?

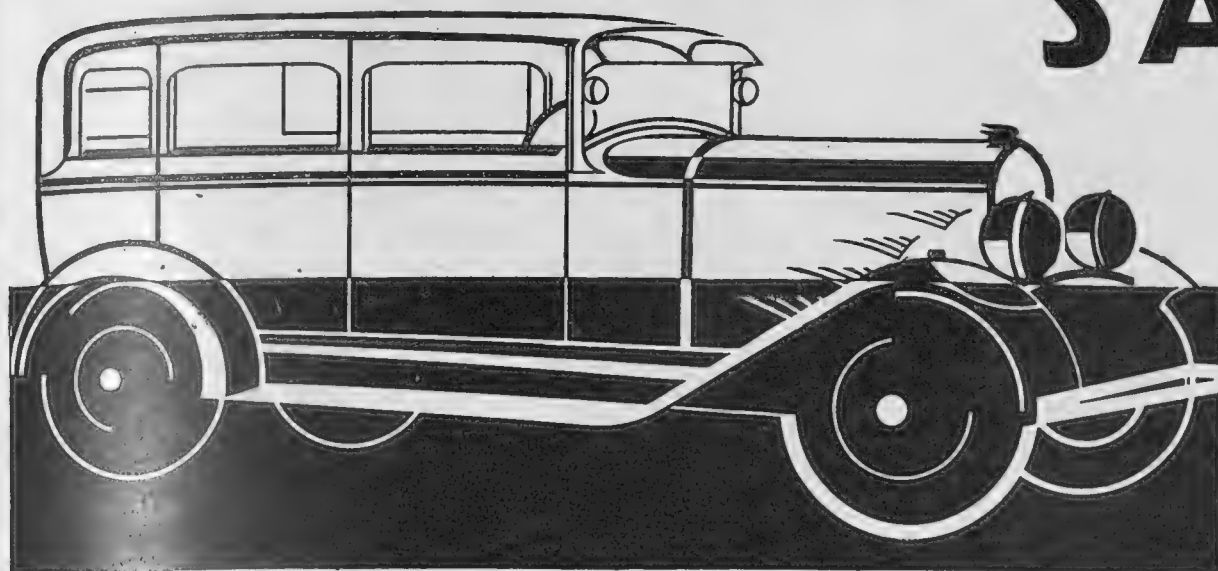
Steady On.

I shall not mention the name of the golf club. Wild horses, or at least "horses' necks," would easily drag it from me. But it is a distinguished golf club. And why should I name it when there are, it is clear, so many other golf clubs which share the predicament from which it is suffering? It has a semi-circular drive, with gates marked "In" and "Out." Incidentally it has at the entrance one of the most curious notices I have ever seen in my life. It reads: "Motors must drive slowly." But that is by the way. Now it is a fact that a great nuisance is caused by the ebullience with which cars are brought into the semi-circle. I mean that ladies in charge of super-sports cars are apt to show how beautifully they can handle them in confined places, and naturally enough chauffeurs hustle in to demonstrate to their bosses that they are "there" on the tick. All of which is quite disturbing if you happen to be pottering out half-dollars to your victorious opponents whilst staggering across to the club-house with a view to getting a substantial percentage liquidated in your favour with the least possible delay. So the *ediles* of this august club have decided that something must be done about it. And what do you think they have done? Why they have built in concrete a most superb artificial *caniveau*; not, if you please, at the entrance, so that it would act as a warning, but almost smack in front of the club-house. It is very pleasant to toy with a cocktail under the balcony and watch all the jolly cars go "bump-bump." Right at the gates a huge new notice has been erected which definitely commands you in red and black letters, that look at first glance like a spades and hearts two-suiter, to go dead slow. But needless to say no one (excepting always myself) pays any attention to *that*. We were discussing the matter the other night, and I am sorry to say that we came to the conclusion that so far as the average motorist was concerned, notices are

(Continued on p. 90)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

CHRYSLER SAYS



MULTI-RANGE GEARS for easier driving!

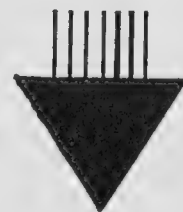
Gears with internal teeth—more silent, simpler to change. One for safety at speed when the road runs clear ahead.

A change, without a sound or pause, to a silent lower gear. Instant acceleration now—walking pace to sixty miles an hour!

Another gear for velvety starting—or climbing the steepest hill. And yet another—a mighty emergency gear. For forcing the wheels relentlessly, axle-deep through mud or snow!

Chrysler multi-range gears! They are here—in two great cars. The Chrysler 77 and the Chrysler 70.

To find a new fascination in driving—to learn the joy of a safe speed for every road condition—motorists must have such gears as these!



*Chrysler 77 with Chrysler multi-range gears
Chrysler 70 with Chrysler multi-range gears.
Chrysler 66. SEE THREE TYPES OF CHRYSLERS—77, 70, 66, with full range of body types to choose from IN YOUR DEALER'S SHOWROOM NOW!*

CHRYSLER MOTORS LTD., MORTLAKE ROAD, KEW GARDENS, SURREY
Suppliers of Chrysler Marine Engines.

SOME MORE POINT-TO-POINTS



Arthur Owen
AT THE BORDER POINT-TO-POINT: LADY
HAIG, MR. SANDERSON, AND LORD HAIG



Arthur Owen
LORD HOPETOUN AND MISS MARGARET BAIRD



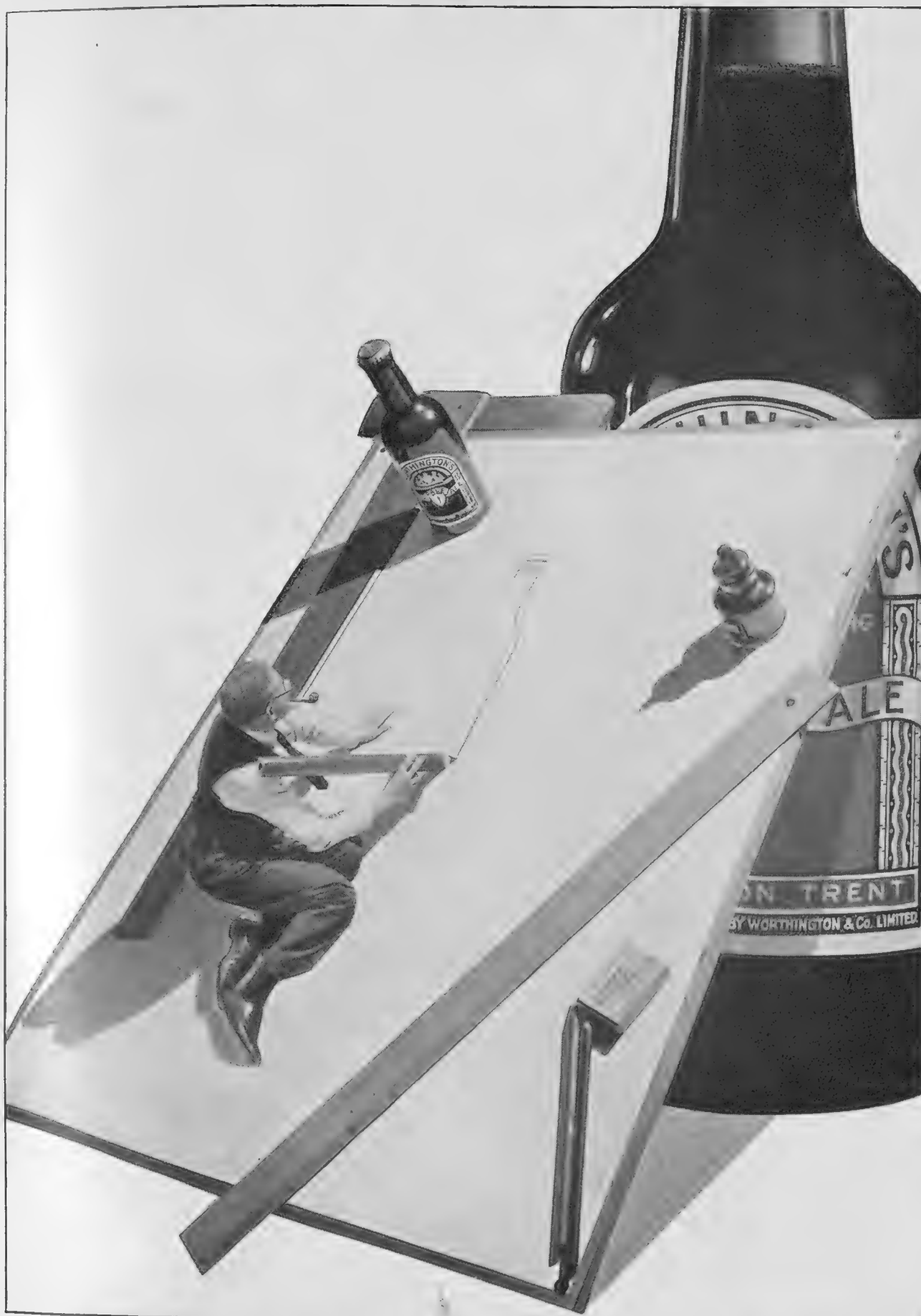
LORD RONALDSHAY AND LADY ZETLAND
AT THE ZETLAND 'CHASES



Arthur Owen
MR. GRAHAM, MRS. MENZIES, MR. AND MRS. FERGUSON,
MISS BUCHANAN, AND MRS. GRAHAM

The little Lord Haig, who succeeded the great Field-Marshal, is only twelve, and was at the Border Hunt Point-to-Point with his mother. The 'chases were run over a course near Coldstream, Berwick-on-Tweed, and all the other snapshots, with the exception of the one of Lord Ronaldshay and his mother, the Marchioness of Zetland, who were at the Zetland Point-to-Point at Diddersley Hall, Melsonby, Yorks, were also at the Border Meeting. Lord Ronaldshay is twenty-two. Mr. Jacob Robson, who is Master of the Border Hounds, is the senior M.F.H. on the active list, as his reign dates from 1879; he, thus beats Lord Yarborough by one year

DREAMS BY WORTHINGTON.



THE WORTHINGTON ARTIST'S DREAM



A view of the 8th green at Camberley Heath during the battle for the first edition of the Inter-Club Scratch Mixed Foursomes. Royal Mid-Surrey (Major Hezlet and Miss Rabbidge) were the winners

CAMBERLEY HEATH Inter-Club Scratch Mixed Foursomes found a very worthy first winner in Royal Mid-Surrey, with St. George's Hill as runners-up, and the week provided just as delightful a test of golf as anybody could possibly wish—even those exacting souls at Camberley itself who are set on utter perfection for everything at their club.

The weather certainly had something to do with it, but it was not only the sun which made everybody enjoy themselves so, nor would a deluge have altogether damped people's spirits if one had chosen to descend. The long and short of it was that Camberley Heath have started a really popular fixture, and did everything in their power to make it a flawless success. The Clerk of the Weather only joined in the general conspiracy.

To be sure, he did things handsomely that second day, which was untouched by last week's chronicle. There were yellow brimstone butterflies by the half-dozen flitting up and down the fairways; there were ice-cream barrows by the score pedalling up and down the Great West Road; summer, in fact, had arrived. The day started with a Scottish v. Irish match, otherwise the Royal and Ancient (Major and Mrs. A. G. Barry) against Island Malahide, which meant Commander Jackson and Mrs. King. That Irish pair had putt so beautifully the day before, but the putts refused to drop on that sunny morning—who could blame any sensible ball for preferring to sit on the edge and contemplate the world at large—and the pair from St. Andrews took their chance thankfully and well.

This putting business has a terribly large share in results. Royal Mid-Surrey were encouraged by some rather sad putting at the first three holes from Royal Wimbledon, to putt excellently themselves and to play

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

such outstanding golf that they were out in 36 and won by 8 and 7. The gallery, a very judgematic one, decided that Royal Mid-Surrey were the most likely winners of the whole thing—provided always that Major Hezlet did not have too many short putts to deal with. For a horrid whisper went round that he had so far confessed his weakness in the matter as to beg his partner either to be at least 5 ft. from the hole, or else so dead that not the greatest stickler in the world could ask him to putt out. The gallery looked grave. "Can't think why he doesn't turn round and putt 'em left-handed like Mrs. Alec Johnston does; look how she used to dither, and now doing it that way she's as good a putter as anybody." "Really it's pitiable; can't see how Miss Rabbidge goes on putting so well with that hanging over her"—and so



When Dorset beat Devon at Westward Ho! The combined teams: At back—Mrs. Wordley, Miss Willis-Little, Mrs. Parkinson-Curtis, Miss Arkell, Miss Dobbin, Mrs. Benson-Young, and Miss M. Beard; front—Miss Lewis, Miss Jones, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Huleatt, Mrs. Dering, Miss Foster, Mrs. Morant, and Miss Powell-Williams

forth and so on. That was the sort of comment you heard whilst waiting, after Royal Mid-Surrey

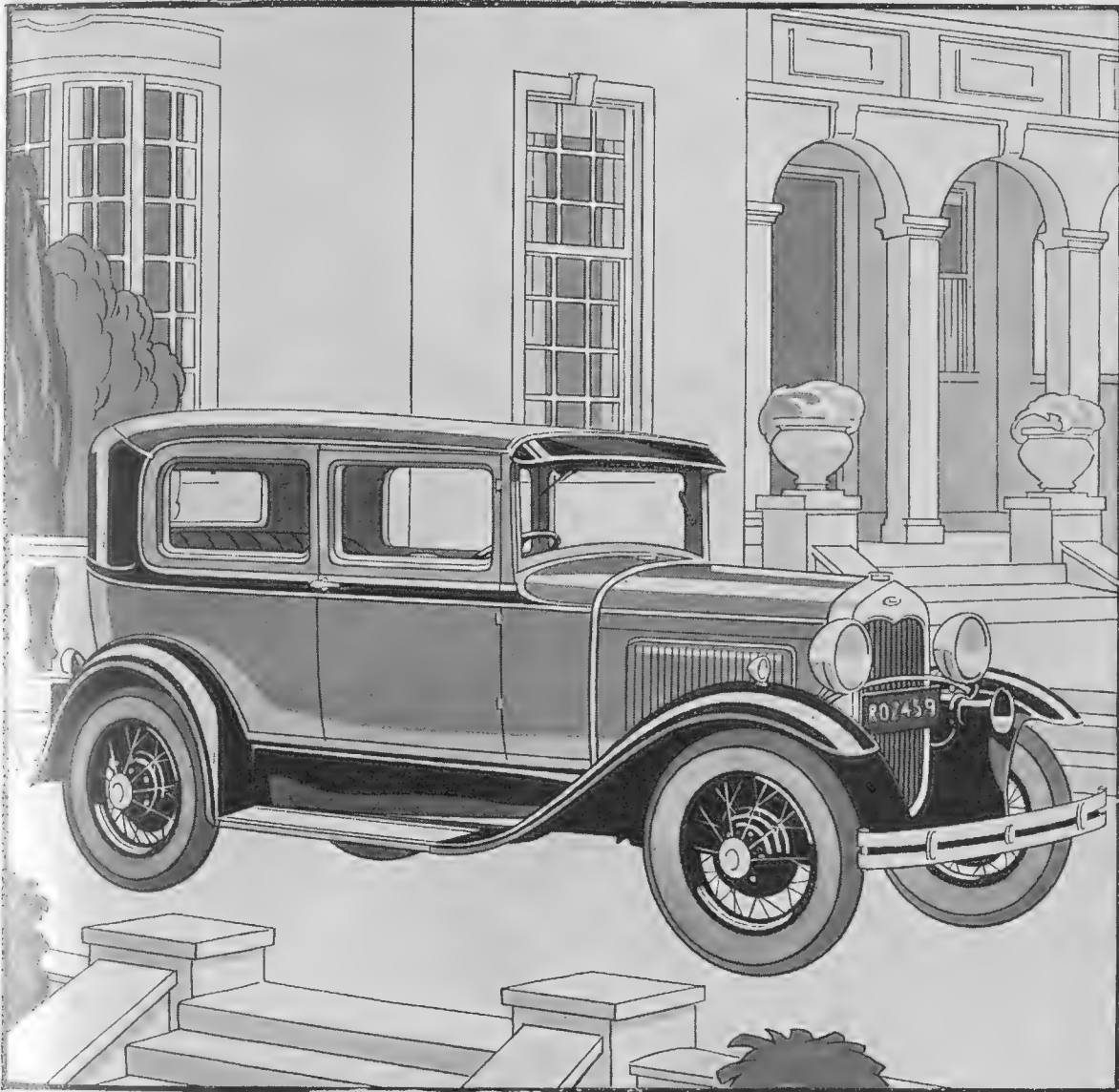
had gobbled up Royal Wimbledon, to see how bravely Mannings Heath were sticking to Hanger Hill, and what was occurring between St. George's Hill and Burhill. Both matches went the full eighteen holes. If Mrs. Potter had not suddenly had a lapse there from much fine putting, Burhill and St. George's must have gone further still. As it was Mr. Shankland's magnificent golf was allowed its reward, and Mrs. Johnston giving herself a metaphorical shake, forgot all her bad shots of the morning when they tackled Hanger Hill after lunch, and the pair played their best golf of the week for their 4 and 3 win. Royal Mid-Surrey won a hole earlier from the



At Alwoodley: Competitors in "Eve's" Northern Foursomes paying court to the cups

(Continued on p. 2212)

New Ford Beauty enthusiastically received



THE NEW FORD TUDOR SALOON

NEW Ford beauty, as shown throughout Great Britain, has been received with enthusiasm. Motorists have viewed the roomier and lower new bodies, new colours, new streamlines and stripings, new deeper radiator, new larger tyres, new flowing style and distinction. They have voiced a growing chorus of appreciation.

Take the few moments necessary to go to the nearest Ford dealer's show-rooms. Observe for yourself the fresh, new beauty usually reserved for high priced cars now brought within the reach of everyone.

Remember that outstanding new grace and fashion have been added to Ford durability and economy, at no increase in price. This is Ford policy, to add significant new improvements as quickly as they are made.

The British Ford organization is increasingly realizing its goal: to bring within reach of more and more of the people the modern British made car with unusual performance, truly restful comfort, dependability that endures—value far above the price.

Now, the addition of new beauty and distinction represents a further Ford achievement on behalf of safe, enjoyable motoring. Take the time to study the new Ford cars. Ford Motor Company Limited, London and Manchester.

PRICES

Tourer	-	-	-	-	£180
Tudor Saloon	-	-	-	-	£195
Coupé	-	-	-	-	£215
Cabriolet	-	-	-	-	£225
Fordor Saloon with three windows	-	-	-	-	£225
De Luxe Fordor with sliding roof	-	-	-	-	£245

All Prices at Works, Manchester.

LINCOLN



Fordson

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



Caps with scarves are singularly smart for shorts'-wear. Jenners', Princes Street, Edinburgh, have copied this Chanel set in Scotch chiffon tweed



This hat is of straw although it looks like tweed. It is relieved with felt, and there is a straw bow at the back. At Jenners', Princes Street, Edinburgh

A Hundred and Fifty Years of Fashion.

THERE are thrills of every kind in C. B. Cochran's 1930 *Revue* at the London Pavilion, not overlooking those in the world of dress. Piccadilly in 1830 was a gay scene with the women as well as men wearing the extravagant modes of the period. What a contrast was Madame Tussaud's of 1980, when perfectly simple overalls of American cloth were donned. Before talking about the individual, those worn by the chorus in "Little Things We Do" must be described, as Mr. Cochran asked Reville of Hanover Square to make them of an all-British material. The fabric selected was silk tulle; these dresses moulded the figure to below the hip-line, then soft draperies were introduced; they nearly touched the floor. There were diamanté shoulder-straps mounted on pink net at the back; they formed braces—every shade from porcelain-white to gun-metal-black was represented.

A Study in White Chiffon and Diamanté.

I n the "Song of My Heart" scene Ada May wears a Reville dress of white chiffon, revetted with diamanté; goffered chiffon makes the wide berthe, while the waistband is composed of lilies of the valley and their foliage. Simplicity is the salient feature of another dress assumed by this actress; it is of black georgette, many godets being introduced in the skirt; it is innocent of a back, sprays of black *ciré* gardenias being posed on each shoulder. Joan Clarkson looks charming in a *pervenche* blue moiré dress accompanied with a silver coatée lined with blue velvet and trimmed with white fox. The Announcer (Jane Welsh) wears several modern dresses, one of them being of white marquissette; it is a witness to the fact that there is nothing more graceful than long flowing skirts in conjunction with the much modified Grecian corsages.

Fashions in Edinburgh.

A nd the day following C. B. Cochran's 1930 *Revue* I was in Scotland, and it was at Jenners in Princes Street, Edinburgh, that a greater part of the time

A decidedly new outline is present in this hat from Jenners', Edinburgh. It is expressed in black panamalac enriched with pale pink and white camellias

was spent. The women of this city have the reputation for being the keenest shoppers in the world, that is to say that when



*This three-piece suit is an inspirational interpretation of the summer modes. It comes from Jenners', and is carried out in chiffon tweed, the tuck-in blouse being of *crêpe de chine**

buying their spring or autumn outfits they think of the same in their entirety, they do not acquire merely a dress, a hat, a pair of stockings or shoes. As a matter of fact the very first thing they give thought to is their corsets. There was a parade of these accessories, and it was evident that those present realized that it was essential that the figure be correctly corseted, as with the return of the natural waist-line and more rounded curves it is essential that the foundation garments fit perfectly without the least hint of compression. There was a splendid assortment of models ranging in price from 12s. 6d. to £6 16s.

The Art of Adaptation.

I t is never an easy matter to choose a new dress; however Jenners have reduced the difficulties to a minimum. They appreciate the fact that women do not like to rush to extremes—or rather, that their men-folk do not like them to. The true Parisian as well as the English-woman with a dress sense never does. Therefore this firm show Parisian models side by side with adaptations of the same and their own creations. It is an open secret that notable French dressmakers always modify their models to suit their individual clients. It is in this art of adaptation that Jenners excel. To-day there is much "making," as it is called, in the apparently simple frocks; there are invisible godets, insertions, and *motifs*, for although the dress outlines the figure, it retains its form when removed. So different from the dresses of a few seasons ago, which when taken off became a shapeless mass. By the way, it must be mentioned that the Scotch chiffon tweed that is being used by Jenners' is in great demand by the Paris houses.

Dressing the Face.

I t is always advisable to dress the face before purchasing a new hat or frock. If one looks tired and haggard something very smart seems to accentuate it. It is an excellent plan to bathe the skin with Elizabeth Arden's skin tonic, it is so simple to do. All that is necessary is to pour a little on a piece of cotton-wool and then

(Continued on p. 11)



A flash
of silken beauty Kayser
stockings

Tailored shapeliness . . .
ingenious slimming beauty
of the pointed
"Slipper Heel"*

True economy
of flawless natural silk
. . . that endures hardest wear,
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subtle new colour . . exquisite . .
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

pass it over the face; then the hills must be just touched with the Amoretta cream, and then the aid of the powder must be sought. It is wonderful how refreshing this is. There is an Elizabeth Arden room at Jenners; no treatments are given there, but women are shown the best way of taking care of the skin and the preparations that should be used, and of course the nuance of the powder is of the utmost importance.

'Tis the Suit that Counts.

Naturally the mainstay of the wardrobe is the suit. It must be selected with great care; the one illustrated on p. 96 has much to be said in its favour. In the first instance the seven-eighths length coat and skirt are carried out in green and lemon mixture chiffon tweed, to which reference has already been made; the tuck-in blouse of green crêpe de chine is strapped with tweed. For a slender woman the cost of this ensemble is 12½ guineas; naturally it is available in other sizes and colour schemes. Its aspect can be varied by a wool or other jumper. In the catalogue, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free, there is a splendid assortment of three-piece suits; every type of figure and every age has been studied.

Headgear that Pleases.

No intelligent woman ever combats the fact that hats must never be chosen at random. Is it not the first thing that is noticed? as a matter of fact, to paraphrase an old saying, they are excellent letters of introduction. They must be suitable for the occasion. The ensemble seen on p. 96 may appropriately be worn on three distinct occasions, provided that the hat is varied. Think how charming it would look for a sporting event with the copy of the Chanel hat and scarf; of course the tweed must match. Then for morning wear in town the tweed straw model would be attractive, while for luncheon there is the black panama lace hat enriched with pale pink and white camellias.

Rather Darker Stockings.

The accepted stockings are decidedly darker than they were a few months ago; all fur shades are regarded with favour as well as those that are present in a mushroom when it is undergoing the process of ripening. Prune-brown is the darkest shade of all, and has many votaries. At Jenners' a feature is made of silken hose with lisle feet and tops for 8s. 11d., those entirely of silk being 12s. 6d. They make ideal Easter gifts, and so do two or three pairs of the gloves. Quite the last syllable for daytime wear are of washable suède; they are destined to be pulled on over the sleeve and must be allowed to wrinkle slightly; they range in price from 12s. 9d. to 18s. 9d. For 12s. 9d. there are coloured leather gloves piped with a contrasting colour, reinforced with small gauntlets; then there are the do-skin-wear-clean ones for 10s. 9d.

Shopping by Post.

A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that it is a genuine pleasure to shop by post at Jenners'. Let the

ensemble on p. 9 of the catalogue be chosen; it consists of the coat and skirt of black rayon satin with georgette tuck-in blouse; a rather large red or black Bangkok hat would look well with it, and the scheme could be completed with a fur—a silver fox for preference. A pair of terrapine silk stockings and black glacé shoes, and gloves that pull on over the sleeves; or it might be the suit that is pictured on p. 96. By the way, in the catalogue there is a fur-felt hat with the off-the-face line strapped with

silk for 1 guinea; it is available in three sizes and all the fashionable colours.

"Just What is Needed."

Gooch's of Knightsbridge, S.W., are warmly to be congratulated on the success of their Fashion Parades. Women have learnt by experience that in these salons they ever find just what they are seeking, and the prices are more than pleasant. There were an infinite variety of Parisian models and others of their own creations. Every type of mannequin wore the dresses, so that no matter whether a woman was slight or slender, twenty or sixty, she could more or less visualize the dresses when she wore them. It's an impossible task to describe the models; a visit to these salons is necessary; and it must be related that the synthetic jewellery is very artistic and so moderate in price that it is possible to have a set for every frock. The spring catalogue is a veritable mine of helpful information on all matters relative to dress; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free on application. Naturally the name of this paper must be mentioned.

Coats for the Motorist.

Now that the spring has really arrived, women take thought for coats for motoring, that is to say those that own their own cars. It is to Dunhills, 2, Conduit Street, W., that they must go when in quest for the same. Every woman will desire to possess the nappa leather coat pictured on this page, of which one may become the possessor for 18 guineas; for this price it will be made to measure. It is provided with a reliable lining, and as will be seen, a belt which emphasizes the slightly higher waist-line; lines of stitching label it Spring, 1935. For those who have to consider pounds, shillings, and pence carefully there are chrome leather coats for 9½ guineas, those of tweed being 10½ guineas. Fur collars composed of long as well as short-haired pelts may be added; naturally there is an additional cost for this.

The Princess Line in Foundation Garments.

Englishwomen have the best figures in the world," says Madame Sonia Zilva, the well-known corsetière, "and they are the most careless about their foundation garments." This is a state of affairs which will have to be remedied by anybody who wishes to wear the new closely-moulded frocks, for waists are now defined, and intricate seaming draws attention to the hips. The latest Sonia Health Corset has been designed after many years' careful study of the science of anatomy and is recommended by the medical profession. Made in three heights, it is available in broché from 3½ guineas, or it can be made to order from 6½ guineas. All the work is carried out under Madame Sonia Zilva's personal supervision in her salons at 41, Knightsbridge. She claims, with justification, that no matter what disappointments may have been experienced she can make any figure smooth, giving comfort and beauty of line at once, and the same time. Her combinaires and sports-belts are beyond reproach.



A FASHIONABLE MOTOR COAT

Designed and carried out by Dunhills, Conduit Street, in nappa leather. It is reinforced with a reliable lining, and a belt which emphasizes the higher waist-line

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'



**You were not born heavy-eyed,
pasty-faced, tired and unhealthy.
You have let unsuspected
constipation bring you to
what you are**



The trouble with constipation is that nine people out of ten think that it does not exist until it becomes a serious and noticeable complaint in itself. And then they proceed to shock their systems into temporary obedience with some crude and violent purgative. While long before, their tired eyes, pasty skins, and weary bodies could have told them that their foodways

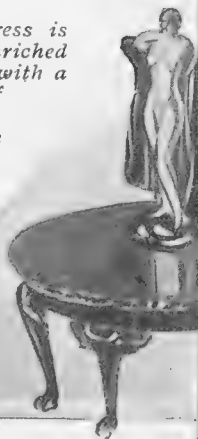
were dangerously clogged and poisoned. Take Eno's "Fruit Salt" every morning and avoid constipation and its disastrous 'antidotes.' The purpose of Eno is not so much to 'cure' constipation, as to see that your foodways never become congested. Its action is entirely safe, harmless, natural and sufficient. To risk taking any drastic substitute is to risk your health.

ENO costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words ENO and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

FEMININE
GRACE

A graceful; nevertheless an unusual, nightdress is pictured above. It is carried out in georgette enriched with lace, the higher waist-line is emphasized with a sash, and the remarkably decorative bolero is innocent of sleeves. It may be seen in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and so may the pyjamas. The model on the left is of white satin with tuck-in blouse and hip yoke, the entire scheme being decorated with embroidery. Those on the right are of white crêpe, and are also enriched with embroidery.



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Pictures by Blake

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

FASHIONABLE HATS



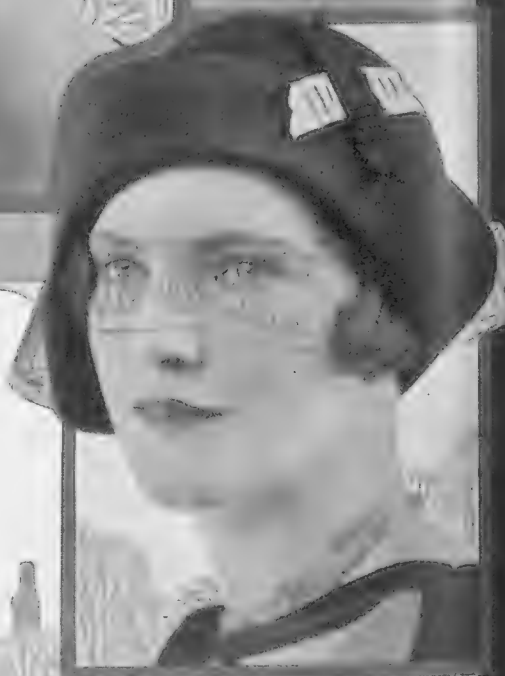
From Paris to Bradleys, Chepstow Place, have come these veritable triumphs of the milliner's art. Fashion has banished monotony from her kingdom



Cellophane and crinoline are present in the hat above, and crinoline lace relieved with a crystal ornament in the one below. It represents the last word in bonnets for the débutante



Panamalique, ribbon, and satin share honours in the chef d'œuvre above; crinoline lace skilfully manipulated makes the one on the left



This is the newest version of the Marquise hat; it is carried out in pedal straw and reinforced with an eye veil

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PURE SILK STOCKINGS

FULL FASHIONED
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you must wear silk stockings.

You would never do your-

self the injustice of less than

pure silk. But do you know how

little you need pay for Wolsey silk

stockings, and yet how perfect they can be?

Weddings and Engagements



MISS ROSEMARY LAMBERT

Who is to marry Lieutenant N. de G. Waymouth, R.N., is the only daughter of Captain Aubrey Lambert, R.N., and Mrs. Aubrey Lambert

In India.

To-day (9th), at Saugor, India, Major Sidney O'Donel, M.C., School of Equitation, Saugor, is marrying Miss Olwen Diana Williams, the only daughter of the late Major Jestyn Williams and Mrs. Jestyn Williams of Broad Entry, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire.

Summer Weddings.

An interesting announcement is that of the marriage between Mr. William Stanley Flower and Miss Dorothy Drage,

which will take place in Suva, Fiji, at the end of July; another wedding that will take place probably in July is that between Lieut.-Commander Harold F. Nalder, Royal Navy, and Miss Marion Thomas, the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Raglan Thomas of Exeter and Mrs. Raglan Thomas.

Recently Engaged.

Lieut.-Commander Henry Savile Jerome, Royal Navy, of 119, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W., only son of Mr. Lucien Jerome and the late Mrs. Jerome, and Miss Thelma Julia Madill, the elder daughter of the late Mr. Charles Alexander Madill and Mrs. Madill of St. Louis, Missouri; Flight-Lieutenant



MISS MARJORIE MURE AND MR. WILLIAM GRAHAM

Arriving at All Soul's Church, Langham Place, on March 29, when Miss Marjorie Mure was married to Mr. A. L. Craig-Bennett. She is the youngest daughter of the late Commander Charles Mure, Royal Navy, and of Mrs. Mure. The bride was given away by Mr. William Graham, who is the Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd.

Gerard Combe, Royal Air Force, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Combe, and Miss Brenda Mary (Bennie) Bainbridge, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bainbridge of Killeen, Lakeside Road, Bournemouth West; Major A. R. Wood, M.C., the son of the late Mr. F. J. Wood, J.P., and the late Mrs. Wood of Newton-le-Wilows, Lancs, and Miss Ruth Blanche Mary Brook, daughter of the late Mr. A. C. Brook of Helme, Melt-ham, Yorks, and Mrs. Simpson of Alderbrook, Parbold, Lancs; Mr. Rodger Winn of 5, Paper Buildings, Temple, and Miss Helen Joyce Sydenham, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. E. V. Sydenham of The Commission Interalliee, Bulgaria; Captain Coles Alexander Osborne, Ludhiana Sikhs, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Osborn of Bromley and Miss Joyce Meares, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Meares of Sydney, N.S. Lieut.-Commander Frederick C. Woodhouse, Navy, second surviving son of the late Mr. Clayton Woodhouse of Kilve, Somerset, and Elizabeth Daphne Bainbridge, youngest daughter of the late Colonel F. R. Reynolds, R.E., and of Reynolds of Frome House, Frome St. Quintin.



MISS CAMILLA PEMBERTON

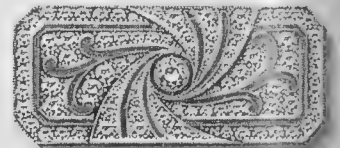
The only daughter of the late Mr. A. Pemberton and Mrs. Pemberton, whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. John Denton.



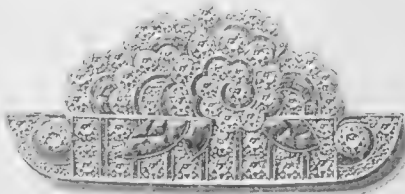
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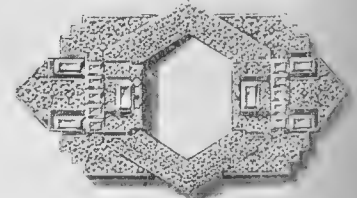
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by which we aggregate more in a day than our counterparts of fifty years ago were able to do in a week, that raises difficulties. The Human System is, however, much the same. Given a fair chance, it will do its job as well as it did for our forbears—perhaps even better. That is, if it is treated properly and given a fair chance.

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There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

DIABLE SKIN TONIC.

Tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores, and ensures a complexion of finest texture. 5/6, 7/6, 10/6, and 21/6

GANESH BANDALETTES.

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GANESH EASTERN SKIN FOOD.

Nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/6 and 6/6

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A little time spent each day on the Adair Home Treatment will do wonders to promote a beautiful healthy skin, clear unlined eyes and youthful contours.

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Sport in the Arctic and Other Memories—continued

From the summit of the cape I could distinguish country in the distance to the north and west, until that moment unmapped, in fact, undiscovered.

There are few more intense pleasures than to stand upon, and to the discoverer, to map in, lands and seas which until then mortal eye has never rested upon. It is a joy reserved for few men, and for that reason, probably, the privilege is more highly valued and appreciated, especially as it is seldom, or never, attained without many dangers, privations, and strenuous exertion.

The coastline to the west, along which I proposed to continue my explorations, presented a most forbidding aspect, with unbroken ice-precipices towering above the pack-covered sea, extending as far as the eye could reach, and precluding any apparent possibility of landing. Hardly a rock was to be seen, not a single plant or sign of life, but everything was white and ghostly.

The ice-clad land itself rose by a steady incline to a height of about 2,000 ft., on the summit of which a dense white mist rested, giving a weird, spectral appearance to this truly arctic scene. It was not without considerable misgivings that about 9 a.m. on July 28 I gave orders to set out on our solitary journey. The party consisted of six, including myself.

The wind was light, and as we rowed clear of the heavy, drifting ice which hung about the land we made for the more open water off Cambridge Bay. The weather gave promise to be fine in spite of the tendency of the barometer to fall. This promise was unfortunately soon to be dissipated. By two o'clock the wind had increased to a fresh breeze, angry, dark clouds showed in the north-eastern sky, and snow began to fall. In the course of an hour the wind had further increased to a moderate gale, the sea had become still more encumbered with ice, and it was with difficulty that we kept our craft from being sunk by collisions with it.

At this time we were about a mile off the glacier-bound coast, with Cape Lofey bearing north of us. The icy land was now shrouded in low-lying clouds and mist, and snow continued to fall.

Ahead, in the distance, to the west lay the white, dim outlines of a promontory, which I had named Cape Mary Harmsworth, but beyond that nothing could be seen but black, angry clouds and a turbulent, ice-encumbered sea.

Our conversation had now almost dropped to silence. Things were beginning to look very nasty. A gale was evidently fast getting up, and

the nearest point we knew of where the boat could be hauled on a refuge obtained, was Cape Neale, which we had left eight hours before and now lay astern of us in the extreme distance to the east, its heights almost blotted out of sight by the lowering clouds and the tossed sea.

Still we pressed on, now 'grazing' formidable masses of ice before us down upon us with the rolling sea, and next moment having to turn the boat's head up into the wind to avoid an unusually strong gust of which threatened to capsize us. By five p.m. we had sighted the ice-precipice which surrounds Cape Mary Harmsworth on the east side, and all hopes of finding a refuge had fled.

Hurriedly I took council as to the best line of action. No hope of safety apparently lay ahead, so I decided to turn the boat's head round, and endeavour to reach Cape Neale, which we had left in the morning. Away we went with every reef taken in, the spray flying about us and drenching us to the skin, the thick mist and falling snow shutting out any sight of land.

Soon we found it was out of the question to proceed any further under sail, and the heavy following waves threatened to cause the boat to broach-to. There was nothing to be done but to attempt to weather the storm in the open.

We hauled down the sails, made a deep-sea anchor from three-inch wire, attaching an ice anchor to give weight, and by making it fast to the bows of the boat by a length of manilla rope, succeeded in bringing her head up to the sea.

Owing to its lack of weight the sea anchor was insufficient for its purpose, and on several occasions the first of three successive waves washed it home upon us, causing the second wave to swamp us, and the boat with water, and only by desperate baling did we get it clear again, the same experience being repeated in a few minutes.

We were drenched to the skin, bitterly cold and very hungry.

The outlines of the land had disappeared somewhere in the distance, and dense mist. Nothing could be seen but a narrow circle of storm-tossed sea, with towering waves which each moment threatened to swallow us up. The storm continued with increasing violence, and at eleven p.m. it was blowing a fresh gale, and in the gusts a strong gale.

Our boat was making a lot of leeway and rapidly leaving the land. Weathering Cape Neale looked more than problematical. Huge waves threatened to sink us every moment, rising like mountains overhead, and each one seemed about to engulf us. Sleet and snow continued throughout the night. It was bitterly cold and we were tired and weary, but our boat required such constant bailing out, and other

(Continued)



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Replying to your recent enquiry with regard to our opinion of "Atco" Motor Mowers, we tried one in 1924, and now have five working, and in fact, I think you will agree, speaks for itself. I am particularly impressed with the mobility of the machines, for work on undulating surfaces, and with the adequacy of the repair service in connection with their use.

Yours faithfully,

Harry James Buxton
General Manager.

A letter from the General
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Paint I'd use for a Duke's mansion



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Send a post card now for free tint card of Combinol's beautiful colours. If you wish we will send you the name of your nearest decorator who regularly uses Combinol; he will gladly tell you about its exceptional features and also about a beautiful Flat Combinol if you prefer this kind of finish.

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MISS ULA SHARON,

the brilliantly interpretative Toe Dancer, appearing in "The Three Musketeers," at the Drury Lane Theatre, writes:—

I USE Phosferine Brand Tonic because it is quite the most excellent nerve tonic for keeping me in the best possible physical condition for my 'toe' dancing. My performance requires so much concentration that it is really a great strain on the nerves, so I am grateful for the relief Phosferine Tonic affords me, especially as it is splendid for counteracting muscular fatigue. I always sleep better, and get more benefit from my food when I have taken a course of Phosferine Tonic, and this naturally helps one to work, look, and feel at one's best. Draughty stages usually mean a succession of colds, and sometimes influenza, for performers, and I believe Phosferine Tonic helps to keep me free from such disorders, which I always feel able to keep at a safe distance."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE BRAND TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics for

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|---------------|--------------------|-----------|-------------|
| Influenza | Neuralgia | Lassitude | Nerve Shock |
| Debility | Maternity Weakness | Neuritis | Malaria |
| Indigestion | Weak Digestion | Faintness | Rheumatism |
| Sleeplessness | Mental Exhaustion | Brain Fag | Headache |
| Exhaustion | Loss of Appetite | Anæmia | Sciatica |

From Chemists. Tablets and Liquid.
The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.
PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.—The New Tonic Fruit Saline.
Supersedes all old-fashioned laxatives—It Tones as it Cleanses!
PRICE 1/6—DOUBLE QUANTITY 2/6

Aldwych

Sport in the Arctic and Other Memories—continued

and there were such difficulties in the way of reaching food, that taking any was out of the question.

Thus we rode out the night, every moment expecting to go down. The cold was bitter, we were drenched to the skin, but had no time to think of anything but baling out the boat and holding her head up to the sea, and so keeping her afloat. Every nerve was strained, for our position was somewhat desperate. Orders were promptly obeyed, without suggestions or advice, which on such an occasion is absolutely essential to safety, and the reverse could but add to the dangers of the situation.

During the following day matters had in no way improved. It blew harder than ever, tremendous cross-seas were running, which often rendered it impossible to head them. We were however still afloat but shipping a lot of water, and only by incessant baling could we get the boat clear again. Time after time she was half-filled and all but rolled completely over, but we managed to right her.

About 4 p.m. a jagged mass of ice fouled our sea-anchor and cut it adrift, rendering the boat even less under control than before. Our lives depended on breasting the waves. To attempt to recover the anchor was out of the question. Only once or twice during the second day did we get any glimpse of the position of the land through the snow and sleet. It was certainly growing more and more distant.

Sleep was out of the question. Heavy seas constantly washed over us, yet, strange to say, especially when on duty in holding the boat's head up to the sea, I experienced the greatest difficulty in keeping awake, notwithstanding that I knew we should all go to the bottom at once if I failed to do so. More than once I nearly dropped off in spite of my teeth. Thus we spent another night, the gale still howling around us with unabated fury.

The third day dawned—it was blowing as hard as ever, but now changed, with incessant snow to the north and north-west.

The swell and the cross-seas were very high, the latter often being very tumultuous. The boat had become heavy and deficient in buoyancy, and as she rolled shipped water over either gunwale. To remedy this as much as possible and to give her more free board, we threw away such articles as were heavy and could best be spared.

Our position was most precarious, not a word was spoken, yet every man felt that the chance of life was small and that we were in all probability bound for the bottom, and the cairn and the record we had left on Cape Neale would be the last that would be heard of us.

On the third day we noticed extraordinary markings in the sky—inch-laths laid across it wherever the nimbus clouds of the snow were reached, and on the northern sky appeared what looked like the bare masts of a phantom ship with the hull hidden by the high waves.

The "poles" and "laths" were white but non-luminous, adding a strange weirdness to the gloom of our surroundings.

On the afternoon of the third day to our immense relief a lull in the storm occurred, the clouds to the north-east lifted somewhat showing the nearest land very dimly about forty miles off, and bearing about 15° of our position, but what land it was we could not make out. I at once determined to make a run for it, and set reefed-lug and jib sails.

Away we went, tearing before the wind, but a collision with the ice would have sent us to the bottom, and our vigilance had to be doubled. After about seven hours' sailing, fairly racing through the water, so that hitting floating ice was a constant danger, we approached land which proved to be Cape Grant.

We succeeded in rounding the north-east side, hoping to find it sufficiently protected by the headland to enable us to get ashore without swamping the boat.

Huge masses of ice came thundering in with the swell and sent a plank in the boat as we ran for the beach, but missed crushing her. We succeeded in reaching the land. All got a ducking in landing, owing to our exhausted condition, for some of us could hardly stand but so far as dryness was concerned it made little difference as we were soaked before.

No food, no sleep, hard work, and exposure to the arctic weather for over three days and nights, to say nothing of the terrible anxiety would try a polar bear. How thankful we were to stand on firm ground again the reader can well imagine. We were safe for the present.

When we had had some food we huddled together in our wet clothes on the floor of our little tent and fell asleep like so many logs. The gale, which had come on as bad as ever, howling outside, and falling fast. We had got ashore just in time.

We slept without waking for twelve hours, or "round the clock" experience of which I have had three times in my life—twice in the polar regions, and once in 1914 in the trenches in France, where, after long fighting without sleep we had a short respite from attack. I lay down without eating on a heap of straw behind the firing line and the sleep of utter exhaustion without moving for twelve hours.

Such is my experience of one "tight place" with its happening in the polar regions, which from its circumstances was probably as unpleasant as any in my adventurous life.

Keep that youthful vigour!



Prevent the first sign of trouble at the danger point

You are as young as your feet! Once strain begins to tell upon the unsupported part of your foot, you will begin to lose that natural, youthful energy. Arch-Moulded shoes (invisibly supported at the "danger point") will prevent that.

The style illustrated is in Glacé Kid, with real Lizard inset and bar. Price 45/- black, 47/6 brown.

(Prices do not apply to Irish Free State.)

CHURCH'S
**ARCH-MOULDED
SHOES**

Support your feet at the danger point!

Obtainable from leading shoe stores.
ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE, CHURCH & Co., Ltd., NORTHAMPTON

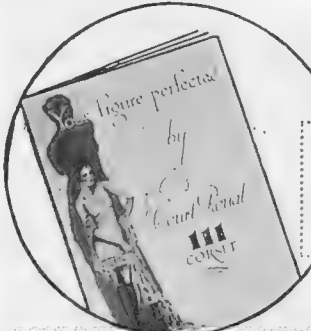
YOUR FIGURE perfected by the

"1" "1" "1" "COURT ROYAL CORSET"
first for Beauty first for Comfort first for Value

Women everywhere are enthusiastic over this latest super C.B. production . . . never before has a guinea corset created such a stir. Only the best materials are used in this luxury corset; fine quality silk broché, extra strong good-wearing elastic and lasting suspenders go to complete this new wonder corset. Cleverly designed by experts to emphasise the graceful rounded curves that fashion now demands, the "One One One" model nevertheless slims your figure to perfect proportions.

Stocked and recommended by all the leading ladies' outfitters everywhere. The thrill of a perfect figure (without discomfort) awaits you when you wear this new Court Royal Corset. Ask to see the "One One One" priced at

1 Gn.



This illustrated brochure (sent free on mentioning "The Tatler") is of particular interest to women who wish to improve their figure.

COURT ROYAL CORSETS, 81, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON



MEN WILL TALK!

ABOUT UNEMPLOYMENT—ABOUT THE
NEED FOR NEW MARKETS—ABOUT THE
LACK OF ORDERS FOR BRITISH FACTORIES

BUT WOMEN MUST ACT

Let them ask in their daily shopping for Empire produce. Then Empire farms will prosper, orders will come to British factories, and employment will be found for more British workers

- ASK FIRST FOR HOME PRODUCE
- ASK NEXT FOR PRODUCE OF THE
EMPIRE OVERSEAS

Write for a copy of the leaflet, 'Why should we buy from the Empire?', obtainable, post free, on application to the Empire Marketing Board, Westminster, S.W.1—an official body, on which all the three political parties are represented.

ISSUED BY THE EMPIRE MARKETING BOARD

Suggestions for Easter Eggs

Say It In Gloves.

Surely there lives not a woman who would not be delighted to receive a pair of these motoring gloves on Easter morning; they owe their origin to Dunhills of Conduit Street and Euston Road. They are made of soft supple cape leather, the hands are lined with fleece, and there are strong double gauntlets. An important and novel feature of these accessories is the small pocket in the left-hand gauntlet, with a lightning fastener to take a handkerchief; it is easily accessible when driving. Although these gloves are very strong they are available for the modest sum of 17s. 6d. per pair.

Magical Easter Eggs.

The requirements of everyone have been considered in the creation of the Easter eggs at Hamleys, Regent Street, W.; some will think that the aid of the magician's art has been sought in the making of those in the conjuring department; here are some of the things that may be found secreted in eggs the size of an ostrich's. There are tuberphones, toy cinematographs with battery and film designoscopes, fortune-telling cups and saucers, and cards. In the stationery department not only are



A PAIR OF MOTORING GLOVES

They are of Cape leather. There is a pocket in the left-hand gauntlet with lightning fastenings. At Dunhills

the eggs filled with things that will delight every school boy and girl, but attaché cases; the cost of the last-mentioned are 2s. 11d., and there are a host of things that may be secreted in them.

For Men and Women.

It is in the fancy department that men's needs are noticeable; for instance there is a most artistic egg, containing razor, blades, hair-brush, comb, and mirror for 21s.; book-ends occupy another egg for 12s. 6d., while bronze animals are arranged in another. Decidedly novel are those filled with a sachet of pot pourri and a bottle of smelling-salts. Then there are satin eggs decorated with lilies of the valley and containing a bottle of Coty's scent, bearing their name. Should violets be preferred, well, there they are.



A BARKER AND DOBSON CHOCOLATE EASTER EGG

An Easter Treat.

There is no Easter treat that a child will more highly appreciate than a visit to Hamleys; there are toys that are of as much interest to them as to the members of the older generation. There is the making and painting of the galleons, the speed-boats which make wonderful journeys in a tank, slides, switch-backs, replicas in miniatures of notable motor-cars, and there is a coach and pair with prancing horses—yes, they really do prance when the owner takes the reins.

Chocolate Eggs.

Everyone likes Barker and Dobson's Easter eggs; those of Verona chocolate are filled with chocolates bearing the same name; they are ornamented with ribbon, which is not merely tied round the egg but is threaded through the shell and tied in a bow at the top. Furthermore there are the Belmont and Viking eggs packed in a decorative box ready for post; they are from 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.



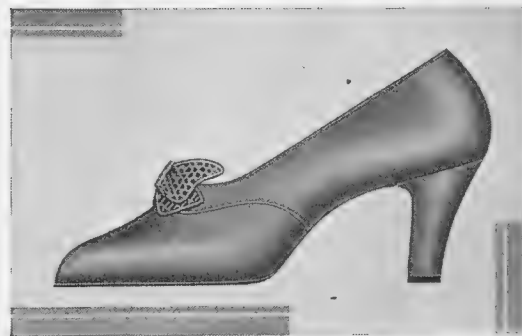
A SUMMER HOUSE

by William Wood and Son, Limited, is an essential for your garden.

It need not be expensive—The "Wimborne" House shown above is very strongly constructed and roofed with most attractive red cedarwood shingles; yet it costs but £39, or £47 with revolving platform, carriage paid in sections within 100 miles of Taplow.

There are many other designs, including panelled interiors and roofs thatched with Norfolk reeds. Write for copy of New Catalogue, No. 10, Post Free.

WILLIAM WOOD AND SON, LIMITED
TAPLOW, BUCKS.



"Caprice"



"St. Germain"

"Caprice" — Brown glaze kid court shoe with attractive and novel lizard bow - 45/-

"St. Germain"—Brown suede and tan willow calf court shoe, welted, leather heel - 50/-

THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY Ltd.,

116 & 117 New Bond Street, W.1, & 22 Sloane Street, W.1, & 60/64 Regent Street, W.

BRADLEYS



FINEST VALUE IN FINEST FURS

Entirely new Models for the season's social functions are being shown in our Salons.

SONIA (above).—A new Fur-lined Evening Wrap, in White, Black or coloured Velvet, lined with White Lapin and **79 Gns.** *trimmed with White Fox.*

Also in dull Satin or Marocain, lined and trimmed with Moleskin. **25 Gns.**

The Coat on the right is in Russian Ermine, collared with Fox.

Bradleys
Chepstow Place^L
London, W.2.
PARK 1200

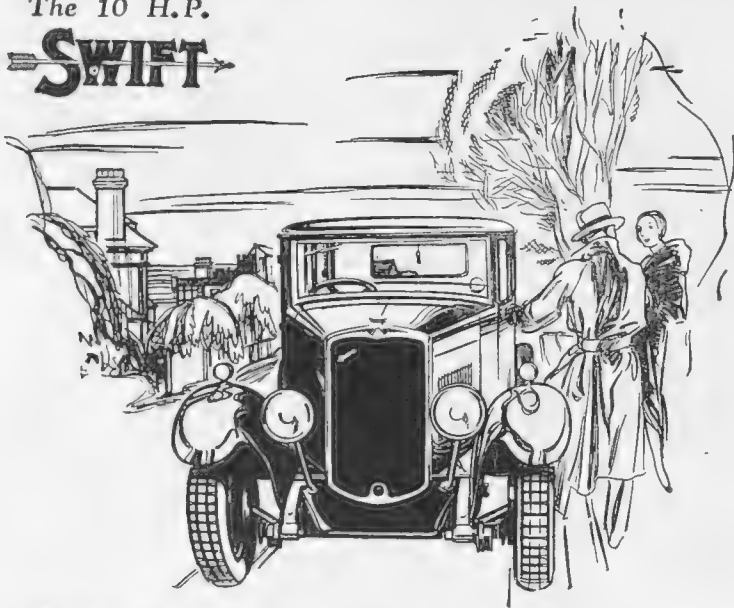
CHEPSTOW PLACE • W 2 • PARK 1200

Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

Petrol Vapour—continued

The 10 H.P.

SWIFT



Different— in a day when others are all the same

THERE is, you know, much to be said for paying a little more in the first place to get a whole lot more in the long run.

As a Saloon, £260 is the cost of the new SWIFT, the small car that retains its individuality. For this you get workmanship in every detail; a four-speed gear box, with right-hand change; a ten pound tax; minimum insurance; the oil and petrol consumption of a baby car, without the disadvantages of the latter; absolutely no trouble and—this is a big point—a car that has a real secondhand value.

Henlys have the full range in stock and their facilities for part exchange and deferred terms are unrivalled. *So is their service.*

Nomad Saloon - £260 Migrant Saloon - £270
Sportsman's Coupé £270 Paladin Saloon - £285

HENLYS

England's Leading Motor Agents

and Sole Concessionaires for AVRO AVIAN LIGHT AEROPLANES

HENLY HOUSE, 385/7 EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1
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1, 3 & 5, PETER STREET, 52, NORTH STREET, The Cater Motor Co.,
MANCHESTER LEEDS CHELTENHAM RD.,
Phone: Central 1780 Phone: Leeds 29671 BRISTOL

Soon at Bournemouth

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF HENLYS . . .

who can sell you any make of car, and who specifically stock and recommend the following because, in their judgment, these makes offer in their respective class, the best that money can buy.

ALVIS	FIAT	MORRIS	STANDARD
AUSTIN	STUDEBAKER	RILEY	SWIFT
BENTLEY	HILLMAN	ROLLS ROYCE	TALBOT

N.B.G. They are simply not noticed. At another neighbouring golf-club there are two sign-posts which say "Way in" and "Way out." It is a fact that as many drivers come in by the latter as by the other. By my house lives a man whose estate boasts a drive so long that it might be called a "private road." To avoid mistakes he has fixed an enormous hoarding that reads, "Carriage drive. No thoroughfare." Yet he assures me that every week-end at least half-a-dozen drivers "explore the avenue" with a view, apparently, of blazing a new trail towards the uplands of Surrey. They can't see because they just won't see. Another golf club, no less a one than mid-Surrey, there is a sign that commands "5 m.p.h." Yet I am atrociously deceived if any member has ever done that inviting little straight at less than 25 m.p.h. average. In a little riverside village I have seen a motorist pull his car up upon a stretch of greensward, get out, hustle his passengers towards the local pub, and stay a moment behind them to strike a match upon the post of a great board that shouted, in huge letters, "No Parking Allowed." This sort of thing is highly humorous to the careless and irresponsible, but to deep and serious thinkers like myself (ahem!) it is no joke. For it does signify that signs, however significant, don't signify at all. And I know the reason. There are too blamed many of them. Our highways are so cluttered up with danger signals at places where no danger whatever exists that the average motorist (and who can blame him for it) takes it for granted that the whole shoot of them is utterly unnecessary, and the mere *immortelles* upon the grave of antediluvian officialism.



THE 20-H.P. SELF-CHANGING-GEAR ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY

This photograph is of an Armstrong-Siddeley car in Ottawa which has been run daily throughout this winter, the only alteration made being the filling of the radiator with an anti-freezing mixture. Chains have hardly ever been necessary.

Interesting Stuff.

Petrol, to look at, to smell, and even to use, is not a particularly fascinating substance, but there are those who are capable of making a peg upon which many interesting things can be hung. I here break one of my own rules by recommending anyone who is keen on motoring history to get from the Shell Company a copy of their admirably-produced book called "Then and Now." It deals reverently and just in the right manner with the very old cars of other days, and contrasts their design effectively with that which is current to-day. I wonder no one has done this sort of thing before. As for me, who started my motoring when I was a schoolboy, I took this little effort, and in a chair before the fire I soon found myself magically transported back to the era of solid type, tiller-steering, and tube ignition. The thing is done in the typical "Shell" manner, and I personally guarantee that it is well worth a place on any real motorist's bookshelf.

Motor Notes and News

The directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., at their meeting recently decided to recommend at the annual meeting at Derby on April 11 that a dividend be paid at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum together with a bonus at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum for the fourteen months ended December 31, 1929, to be due and payable on April 30, 1930. The profits for the fourteen months ended December 31, 1929, were £201,706 2s. 6d. (subject to audit).

In the days before front-wheel brakes became ubiquitous the comparison and testing of the existing brakes was important enough. Mal-adjustment then was dangerous, but perhaps it was not so dangerous as it is to-day, in that drivers did not rely on their brakes to the same degree. The old back-wheel brakes were so ineffective when the roads were wet that a little extra inefficiency did not make much difference. Modern four-wheel brakes, even when incorrectly balanced, are effective enough on dry roads. It is after a shower of rain has fallen, particularly on some of our infamous "death-trap" roads, that irregularities of adjustment become most glaringly and dangerously apparent.

Yet if brakes are of sound design and are correctly adjusted, a car will stop without skidding even on the most slippery surface. The difficulty, of course, lies in obtaining the proper adjustment, and the Bendix-Cowdrey dynamic brake-tester is by far the best.



Daimler



The New Daimler "Twenty-five"

A PRESS OPINION

A remarkable new car . . . definitely progressive. Maximum service . . . minimum attention. Needs less skilful care than any other. Perfectly delightful to drive. Admirable steering . . . wide lock, small turning circle . . . Bumps and holes ironed out . . . Car remains happy when driving fast . . . The smoothest six-cylinder Daimler have built . . . like the proverbial steam engine at slow speeds . . . Absence of vibration when revving fast . . . does not get rough or coarse when 'all out' . . . Acceleration on top gear exceedingly rapid . . . 10 to 30 m.p.h. in just under 9 secs. Gear changing reduced to a minimum.

—The Autocar.

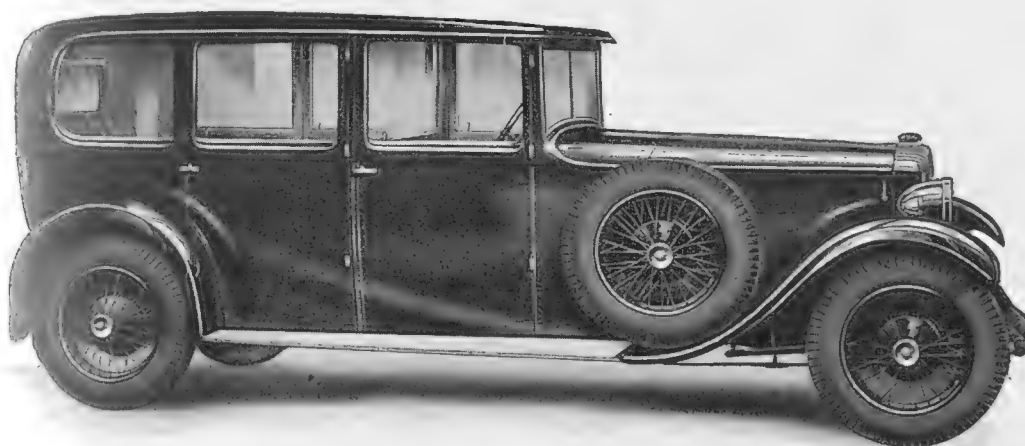
AN OWNER'S OPINION

I confirm that after 1,000 miles running the engine and transmission are very quiet and vibrationless, the whole car a sound engineering job.

The $6\frac{3}{4}$ hours run down was over wet roads, part of the time during heavy rain.

So far, the highest speed attained is 75 m.p.h. at which speed the engine ran sweetly and easily, with a complete absence of "fuss."

The steering at any speed is miraculously light and as North Cornwall is a county of hills and winding roads, the easy steering, lightning acceleration and smooth braking make driving a pleasure.—Ref. No. 1050.



THE NEW DAIMLER "TWENTY-FIVE" ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE ONLY £1,325 (Coachwork by Connaught)
Enclosed Landalette can be supplied at the same price.

This latest Daimler embodies an exquisite example of modern Connaught coachwork, with all the unmistakable qualities of skilful and experienced craftsmanship. With all its external beauty and dignity, and deep luxury within, the cost of the car complete to the last detail is

only £1,325 Connaught—the coachwork specialists—are main agents for all Daimler models, and will supply this same coachwork to individual requirements for any Daimler chassis. Detailed specifications and drawings will be furnished on request.

Connaught for Daimler

For full details of Daimler models, specifications and trial runs come or write to—
THE CONNAUGHT MOTOR AND CARRIAGE CO. LTD., 34-36, DAVIES ST., BERKELEY SQ., W.1. 'PHONE MAYFAIR 5048.

THE DAIMLER CO. LTD. COVENTRY

CAR CAMEOS

The Chrysler "77"

I ADMIT that the elements were propitious and that there was an attractive suggestion of spring in the air, but even so, it takes a remarkably fine motor-car to get me clean away from my usual week-end pursuits. And that is what the Chrysler "77" did.

I had not been driving it homewards on the Friday evening for more than half an hour before I was planning a nice long run on the morrow, and on the morrow's morrow I more or less repeated the performance.

It is a car full of choice qualities, good to look upon without and roomy and comfortable within. But of course its most striking characteristic is its performance, which is really admirable, and what is also impressive, it is all done with a dignified, aristocratic sort of aloofness which suggests that the engine never has any trouble to do its job of work, however hard you choose to make it.

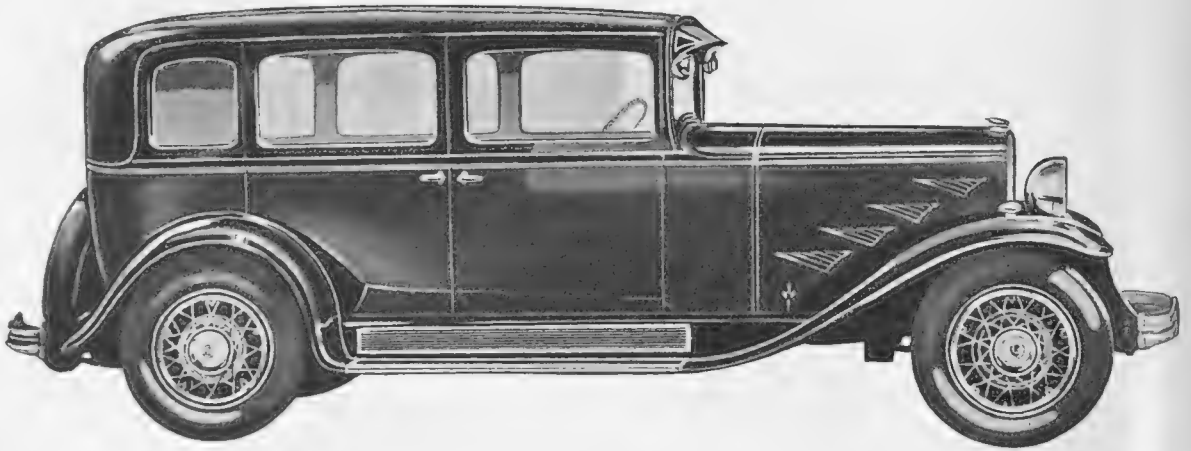
The silent third ratio of the four-speed gear-box is a great boon, for it is silent and to change is the easiest thing in the world at almost any speed. Except when you have to start on a gradient, these two gears are practically all you need to use.

Thanks to the down draught carburetter and to other refinements, the engine is extremely lively although it has a relatively low compression, as proved by the fact that the "77" will run without any sign of pinking

upon a very low grade of fuel which I deliberately tried in order to ascertain this point.

The controls are all that could be desired. Mrs. P. V. is a severe critic upon this matter and she quickly passed this Chrysler as a masterpiece. Especially did she approve of the hydraulic braking, which it is certainly hard to better. I tested this out on a singularly vile patch of greasy surface and was well pleased with the result, for there was no indication of swing, and the steering was quite unaffected.

This car is not only a "mover," but a very pleasant thing to



THE CHRYSLER "77"

fast, with the usual accompaniment of a slight "snakiness" at speed on the straight. Rather harder tyres and stiffer shock-absorbers might have partially corrected that fault.

The other is the use of American head-lamps. How the Yanks at night with such things I do not pretend to know, for these only cast a beam about twenty yards ahead, whilst the side illumination is so that you are right on the tail of a dark-clothed walker before you see him.

Verily I should like a Chrysler "77" for my very own but, certainly, it would have English head-lamps. No doubt they are fitted at a small extra cost.

Every

MORRIS

is a 100% Triplex car

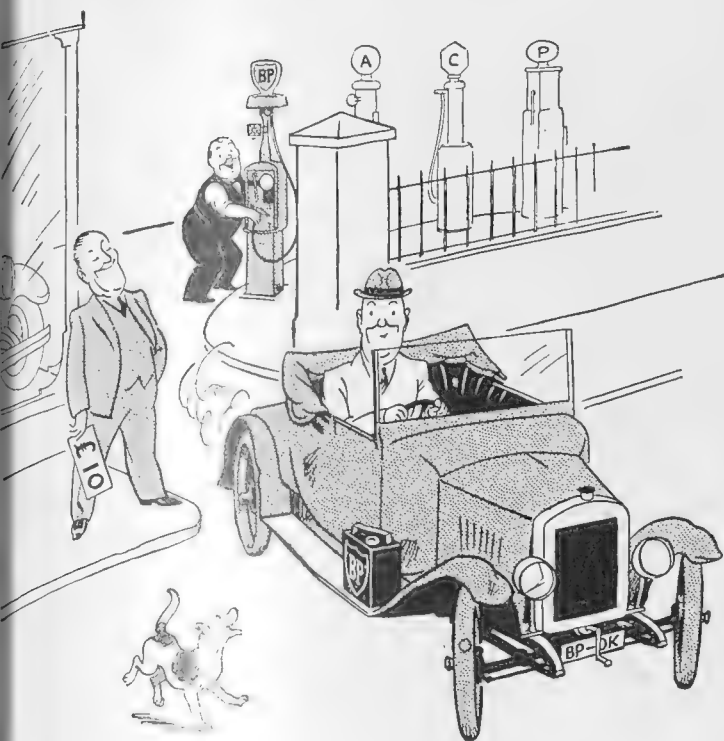
Get
"Triplex"
-and be safe!

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle St., London, W.1



Popular Phrases Illustrated

Driving a bargain



Tho' my bargain looks old
and ill-sprung
I assure you I haven't been stung
For between you and me
I run on "BP"
The spirit that keeps a car young



Puts New Life into Your Car

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD
British Petroleum Co. Ltd, Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization



AN OLD FRIEND LONG BEFORE IT IS AN OLD CAR

The beauty of friendship as compared with relationship lies in the fact that whereas your relations are made for you, you can choose your own friends.

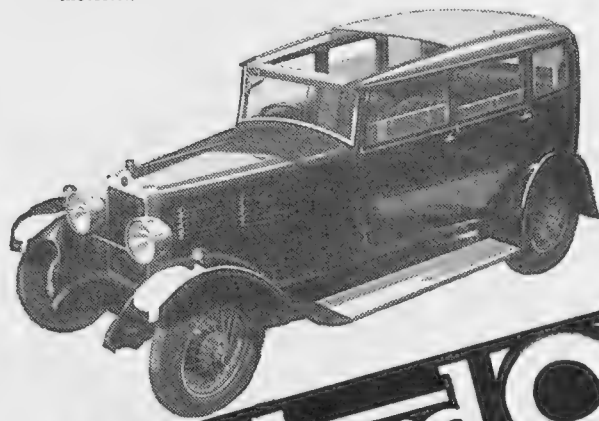
That is one reason why you should choose a "Standard" as your next car—you'll never make a better friend.

There's no doubt about it—this is a "Standard" year! Immediately they were introduced—the famous "Nine" and the 2-litre 6-cylinder—each model was accepted by the public as easily the best in its class, and the old adage that "nothing succeeds like success" is certainly proving true where the "Standard" is concerned!

The Standard "Nine" Saloons, from - £185

The Standard 2-litre 6-cylinder Saloons, from £325

There's interesting literature awaiting any enthusiastic motorist.



The All-British
Standard 9
TEIGNMOUTH SALOON.

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO., LIMITED,
CANLEY WORKS, COVENTRY.

London: Special Distributing Agents—

46-50, Park Lane, W. 1
297-9, Euston Road,
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Car Mart Ltd

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Balderton Street,
Oxford Street, W. 1

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BUCHANAN'S



BY APPOINTMENT



"BLACK & WHITE"

WORLD RENOWNED
FOR
AGE AND QUALITY



"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., LONDON AND GLASGOW.

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The Children's Classes at our Open Show on May 15 should be very attractive. There will be two classes, one for dogs exhibited by children over ten years old and under sixteen years, and the other for children ten years old and under. These dogs need not be registered at the K.C., who have also given permission for them only to come to the Show on the afternoon of May 15. The entry fee is 3s., and the classes will be judged by Lady Kathleen Pilkington and Mr. Holland Buckley. H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, our president, has kindly consented to see these classes judged and award the prizes. The entries for these classes close on the same day as the others, viz., on April 28. There should be a good entry.

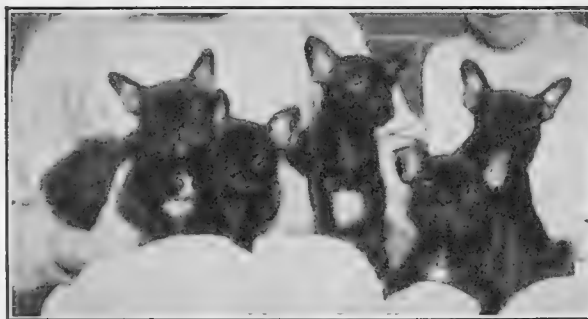
The Alsatian Obedience Class will also be very interesting. There are to be three classes: Novice Obedience Class, Open Obedience Class, and Jumping Competition. Everyone interested in the training of dogs should see these classes, which promise to be exceptionally good. By the kind permission of the K.C., Alsatis entered in the Obedience Classes *only* need not attend till the second day of the Show.



ALSATIAN
The property of Mrs. Everitt

It has not been definitely decided to hold the Members' Show at the Crystal Palace on December 4. It is extremely difficult to find a suitable venue for our Members' Show, as there is no available hall in the centre of London large enough. Everyone knows the way to the Crystal Palace, and it is hoped members will do their utmost to support their Show.

The French Bulldog Club hold their Open Show at Tattersalls' April 16, and it is always worth going to see. French bulldogs have many good friends, and this is not



FRENCH BULLDOG PUPPIES
The property of Mrs. Sugden

settled in her new boarding kennels near Lingfield, where she has room for dogs of all breeds. In addition to ordinary boarding, she trains for the house—most useful to those who live in flats. She also takes train as kennelmaids, and says she never has enough pupils to supply demand. The boarding kennels are quite near London and she is delighted to show them to anyone. Anybody sending a dog to Miss Desborough's sure it is treated "as one of the family."

Mrs. Everitt has a young Alsatian lady to dispose of. She says she has "the most wonderfully sweet nature and temper, trained to the house, over distemper, and a born shower," also very good-looking. Mrs. Everitt will send pedigree and full particulars to any inquirers. She sends a photograph of this bitch.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



SALUKI
The property of Miss Desborough

FOR NIGHTS OF LUXURIOUS REST

SLEEP ON A

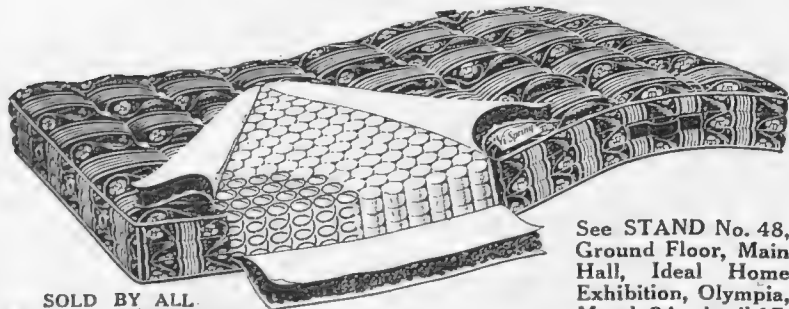
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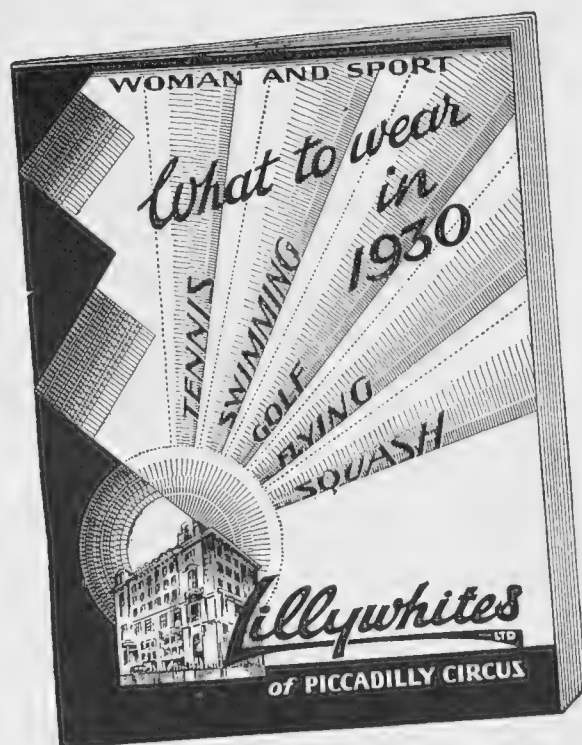
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The "Antiquary"

1858

Secret Service in Red Russia—cont.

the sheet in the snow and leapt over a garden fence. In the cottage close by a dog, roused by my jump, began to bark furiously. I moved quickly toward the road. But the cottage door opened suddenly and a man confronted me, looking me up and down challengingly.

My heart stood still. Thank God it was dark, much darker than in the open meadow. An hour later the man would have seen my footmarks. But I saw he was only looking straight in my face very hard and with extreme suspicion.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he demanded angrily.

"I—I missed the road at the turning," I stammered, "and—and thought this would be a short cut to the station."

Casting my eyes round for a way of escape, I noticed with joy that his cottage had no fence in front of it, so that the approach to it from the road did look like a side-turning. Without waiting to hear whether he accepted the explanation I made off, expecting him every second to shout at me to stop, if not to shoot at me.

The main road was blocked. Round a bivouac fire were gathered the Red patrol, who at that very moment were ordering some pedestrians to show their papers.

My nerves were on edge. I hid in the woods to await daylight. And when the night patrols departed at seven o'clock and I was able to approach the station it was with a sigh of great relief that I boarded the train, ensconced myself in a corner, and fell into fitful sleep.

It was not difficult to procure the required information on the conditions at Cronstadt and the forts along the shore of the Finnish Gulf. I had men in the Admiralty who kept me well informed and whom I could send to Cronstadt any time I chose.

The revolutionary ardour of the garrison was still hot. The sailors of the Baltic Fleet were from the start the backbone of the Bolshevik movement. Their

brutality knew no bounds, and when once they put some hundreds of their former officers on a barge and sank it in the Finnish Gulf, Trotzky declared them to be the pride and glory of the Revolution.

Two years were still to elapse before the Cronstadt garrison revolted against the Bolshevik regime and forced Lenin to a surrender of almost the entire Communist programme.

The garrisons of the coastal forts were much less reliable than the Cronstadt sailors, and I found out that certain officers were preparing a mutiny which broke out in the early summer.

I was much concerned at this time to secure the release from prison of a Russian naval officer, by name Melnikoff, who had been a good friend to the British and who had preceded me on my first surreptitious crossing of the frontier to prepare communications for me in Petrograd. The Tcheka had been hunting for this man, whom they regarded as a very dangerous person, and they caught him at last in an ambush at a communal eating-house.

A certain army officer by name Zorinsky, who purported to be a close friend of Melnikoff, undertook to secure the latter's release by bribing Tcheka officials. The price demanded was very high because the officials concerned stated Melnikoff's case to be a desperate one. But I had no cause to distrust Zorinsky's good faith in the matter, for he supplied me with a large amount of useful information that always proved to be accurate.

For instance, of his own accord, and without my having asked him to get it, he presented me one day with a detailed plan of the minefields surrounding the fortress of Cronstadt. I was naturally elated, as this was an important part of the information I had been instructed to obtain.

Only when Melnikoff was shot I discovered that Zorinsky was himself in the pay of the Tcheka, and that the money I had paid to rescue Melnikoff had gone into Zorinsky's pocket.

Zorinsky knew I wanted the plan of the Cronstadt minefields because it was his business to spy on my activities. But he played to both sides, and the reason

(Continued on p. 17)



MISS TERESA JUNGMAN AND
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Secret Service in Red Russia—cont.

why he had not yet betrayed me to the Tcheka was that he was not quite sure who would pay more, the Tcheka to get me, or I to escape the Tcheka.

I made hasty preparations to escape abroad again in the nick of time. Things were getting very hot for me. But I had to choose a new route, for my friends, the Finns, at the River Sestro, had been caught, and several of them shot.

Smuggling was now carried on chiefly over the ice of the frozen Finnish Gulf. By discreet reconnoitring I learned of the arrival of a Finnish sleigh, and made arrangements for the driver to take me back to Finland.

The first difficulty was to put out on to the frozen sea unobserved. The second was successfully to pass the narrow straits separating Cronstadt from the northern shore.

Again it was a moonless, starlit night, cold, dry, and windless. In a remote hut on one of the outlying islands of the city the Finnish smuggler snored on a couch while I watched him and listened nervously to the champing of his horse outside.

He woke up about one o'clock and we set out, driving at full speed towards the open sea. All went well at first. In ten minutes we were far from shore. The snow was crisp, the air keen and frosty, the horse spirited, and there was every prospect of doing the thirty odd miles in good time.

Inside my coat I carried a packet containing the information I was to deliver to headquarters.

The huge black mass of the fortress of Cronstadt loomed up in the distance. Occasionally great silver beams of light flashed forth from it and swung round, sweeping the deserted expanse of ice.

Searchlights! My driver clung as closely as he dared to the northern shore, so that if we were picked up in those deadly beams the black dot of the sleigh might melt into the rocks and trees of the coast. But the danger from the shore was scarcely less great, for the runners of the sleigh hissed and sang like saws.

Now we were in the narrow neck between the fortress and the coast. Now we were through it, driving madly onward. My eyes were riveted on the rocks, less than a mile away.

Was something moving there? Yes, by Heavens! Human figures—horsemen—riding out in pursuit!

I yelled in my driver's ear. He gave a cry, and the sleigh flew forward at a wild pace.

But we hadn't the ghost of a chance. First one bullet whizzed by then another. I replied with my revolver—about as much good as a popgun. They were using carbines, and there were four or five of them.

Suddenly my sleigh swung round violently like a top and came to a standstill. The driver's reins had got caught in the shaft.

All was up! I had an absolute conviction of being a doomed man. The shore was a mile away and the ice in many places slippery. But what was the use of giving up? Let 'em at least catch me!

I slid out of the sleigh and made for the shore. The pursuers would surely go first for the sleigh to seize the expected loot. They did, and thus gave me a few minutes' start.

A hopeless flight though, quite hopeless. I made a quarter-of-a-mile at most. The ice was so slippery in places. Then all at once, with a flash of wild hope I perceived that the ice was slippery only where it was completely windswept, and consequently looked black.

My clothes and boots were black.

I stopped in the middle of a wide windswept patch. I could not see my boots.

Like a log I dropped and lay motionless.

Two of the riders were already looking for me. But they avoided the slippery, windswept bits. They rode round them. They rode to the shore and back again to the sleigh, passing within ten or fifteen paces of me. But they didn't see me.

Then they took the driver and his sleigh away with them.

I had thrown aside my packet when I lay down. When I dared slowly rise I found it, hid it again in my bosom, and walked to Finland across the deserted sea.

What a long, lonely, desperate walk that was. My nerves were all shaky. The sea, heaving beneath its load of ice, made strange noises that would make me suddenly stop and look round.

Exhausted and bedraggled I arrived in Finland, and was at once arrested as a Bolshevik spy.

Only the energetic action of the British Legation at Helsingfors, to which I was permitted to telephone, saved me.

The head of our Intelligence Service in Northern Europe hurried over from Stockholm to see me.

"Well, I suppose you're going back to London," he said.

"No," I replied, to his astonishment, "I am going back to St. Petersburg, Russia."

My work began as a duty, but it had become a passion.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



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One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot

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OUR RIVIERA LETTER—continued.

Beaulieu just now, where the Villa Gardens are at their very best, and Sir John and Lady Ward, who have quite a large house party at the Villa Rosemary (although Lady Linlithgow and her tall son have just left), are fortunate in having *quite* the loveliest of them all. They are both extremely keen gardeners themselves, and leave no stone unturned to obtain rare and lovely plants, and to find exactly what soil suits them best. One of the loveliest effects in the whole garden is a small wood where the ground is thickly carpeted with big scarlet anemones, daffodils, and jonquils of every kind and description.

Gertrude Lady Dunn and her two daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Hubert Duggan and Miss Kit Dunn, are at the Villa Lou Mas, while the Dowager Lady Glentanar is happy in having her two daughters, Maud, Lady Douro, and Mrs. Adams (who, with her husband, Commander Adams, are usually on board their lovely little yacht, the *Black Joke*, but this year are spending their visit on shore), both with her; also, of course, Lady Anne Wellesley, who is a very keen lawn tennis player.

I motored through Nice yesterday, lunching at the Palais de la Méditerranée where I saw many interesting people including the Crown Prince of Kapurthala and Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram. There has been a big fencing tourney there last week, where many famous professors have been taking part.

At Cannes the wind-up of the first squash racket tournament ever held there, was a triumph for little Miss Susan Noel, who reached the final of the mixed singles and had a fine game

with Mr. Clayton (although she didn't actually win). Cannes Races are in full swing again, and there were no less than seven nations represented in the first day's racing yesterday, which took place in perfect weather.—Once more, yours, CAROLINE.



SIGNOR ARNALDO MUSSOLINI—By AUTORI

An impression of the brother of the Great Duce. Arnaldo Mussolini is the President of the Italian Press and Directing Editor of the well-known newspaper, "Popolo d'Italia." He is also "The Morning Post's" Rome correspondent

PRISCILLA IN PARIS—

stay there all night," for, alas, the relation thirty minutes that are now allowed in Paris for the leaving of one's car and kerb are "up"! She is obliged to move on . . . Before she goes the Sentimental one begs for the rose, wearing in her coat . . . he carries to his lips in lover-like rapture! Horrors, the rose too is artificial.

That dullest of functions (for this, fortunately is what the Paris Horse Show has become), the *Concours Hippique*, "is on" at the Grand Palais. The old traditionalists are in tears, which does not help to enliven things; for the first time, at this august assembly, ladies have been allowed to ride astride! As a mere spectator I hoped to get a little out of this fact, for I do not think the women—especially French women—built for the cross-saddle position. However my unkind hopes were frustrated: no one took a toss, though several candidates had to be "rung off" the course: their allotted time was up . . . Their mounts walked round the obstacles as if they none of them dared to use a riding-whip, which gives point to the theory that their "seat" was rather a matter of balance than anything else, and we lost a great deal of time over a very tame performance. You certainly do these things better in England, I think. Cher.—PRISCILLA.

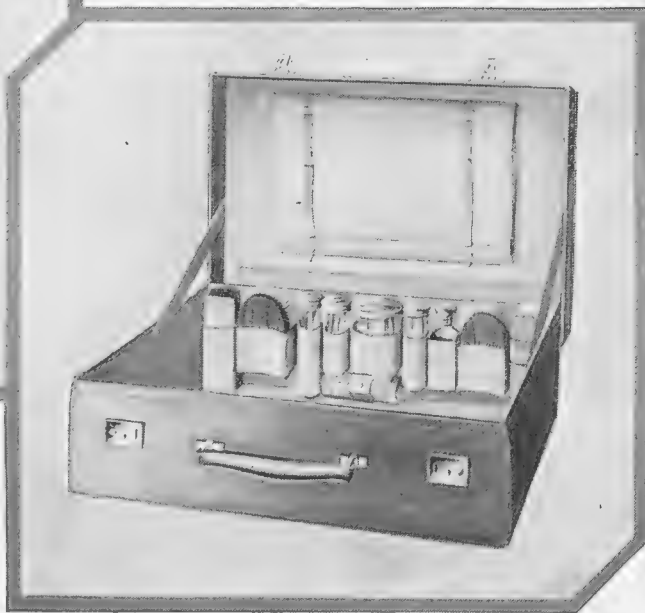


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Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

Australia by Cabin-plane.

TWO ways of travelling from one place to another by air are to be noted. In the first the traveller is lashed down upon a narrow seat with a vast engine in his lap and a noise like a continuous Last Trump in his ears, his entire body being subjected to constant vibration, and his teeth and his toes and all intermediate parts quivering in sympathy with the machine. In the second way of travelling by air the passengers enter the cabin of an aeroplane designed according to the new naturalistic school and sit in ordinary seats in ordinary surroundings, and read or write or look about while the aeroplane does the rest. Animals at the zoo (and the traveller in any vehicle is in some sense a caged beast) used to be kept in cages totally unlike their natural surroundings. Then came the idea of providing for them imitations of their natural surroundings and the Mappin Terraces arrived. The air traveller has been in a position rather similar to that of the polar bears. He was formerly encaged for the period of the flight, and told that that was the best that could be done for him. But now surroundings natural to him are being imitated. The spacious cabin and the comfortable seats—business men's Mappin Terraces—are coming into use even in light aeroplanes. Office conditions are now obtained by travellers on the longest flights. Personally I shall always prefer an open cockpit, but the majority of people like the enclosed cabin.



A PRESENTATION TO LADY COBHAM

Lady Cobham was presented with a red lacquer coffee-set by Mr. Austin Reed at the opening by Sir Alan Cobham of the new Red Lacquer Room, the "tropical" department at Austin Reed's in Regent Street. Sir Alan is seen on the left, and Colonel the Master of Sempill on the right of the picture

The most recent flight to Australia was made in a small cabin monoplane by Flying Officers H. L. Piper and C. E. Kay used a Hermes Desperado type that was described in these columns when it first appeared. The Machine and engine were both standard and were taken from the only change being the addition of extra tankage.

Many Meetings.

There are to be many air meetings this year, and by the time the notes appear the first ones will have taken place. The Leicestershire Aero Club's At Home, and the Berks, Bucks, and Oxford Aero Club's Opening Meeting will have been held, and next Saturday there will be the Leicestershire Aero Club's Opening Meeting at Bedford. The R.A.F. will be forming at this meeting, which looks like being one of the most important of the season. Of the order the most important will be the opening of the Bristol Aero Club's At Home on May 31, at which Lord George will be present. A programme that should be of interest with the R.A.F. display is being prepared. This is a rally open to competition starting from the Continent, an inter-club race for the S.E. Challenge Cup and a Bristol Aerial Derby, which is an handicap race. All British pilots will be the guests of the Bristol Corporation, while foreign visiting pilots will be absolute guests of the Corporation during the whole of the time at Bristol from their arrival on Friday until their departure on Sunday. The pageant will be with the opening of the Bristol French week in Bristol, the official event. Rouen representatives and possibly the French Ambassador will be there.

PETROLEUM SPIRIT (MOTOR VEHICLES) ETC. REGULATIONS 1929

Important Notice on Petrol Storage

Regulation 5c of the above provides that

"In the storage place, or as near thereto as is reasonably practicable, there shall be kept fire-extinguishing apparatus of a type capable of extinguishing fires occasioned by burning petroleum spirit, or a supply of sand or other effective means for extinguishing such fires."

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A Private Garage is a "Storage Place" within the meaning of these Regulations and a person is deemed to be storing petrol when a car with petrol in its tank is housed in the private garage, as well as when additional petrol is kept in cans.

IF you do not store petrol other than that on your car, you will comply with the above Regulations by protecting it with a "PYRENE" Fire Extinguisher. If you keep spare cans of petrol in your Garage install a "PHOMENE" Fire Extinguisher.

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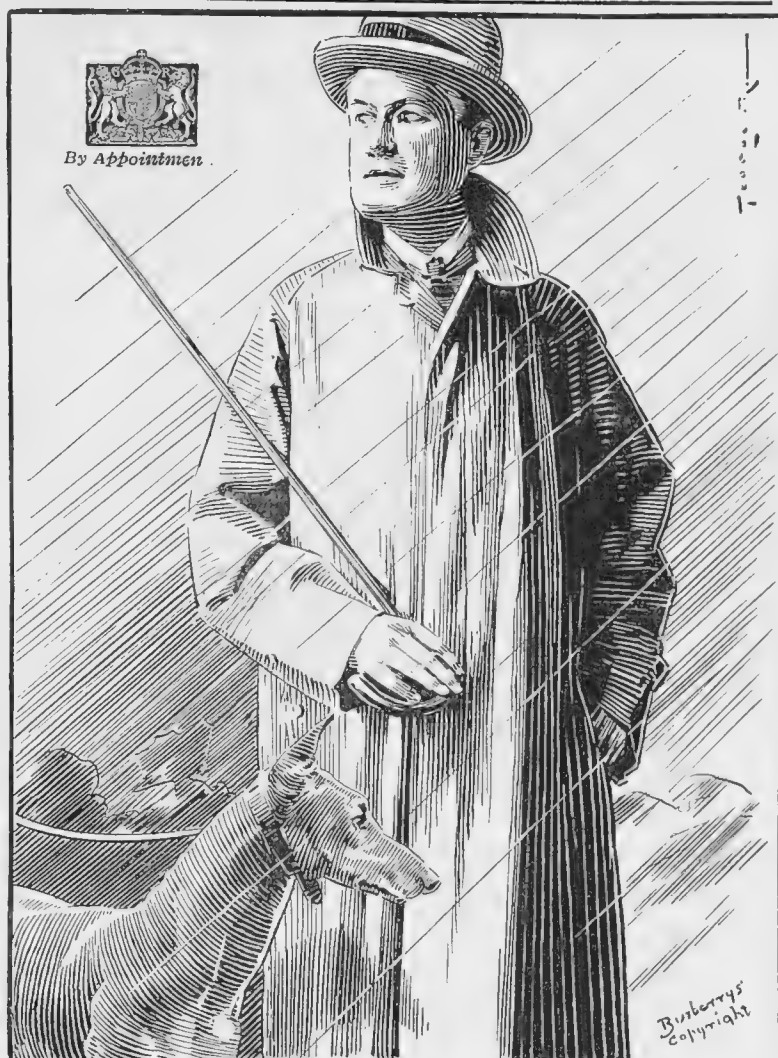
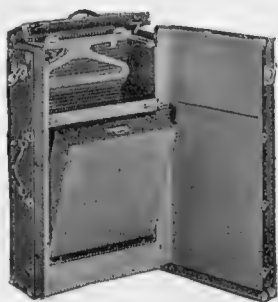
It is made with the same painstaking workmanship, the same fine materials, that characterize all Oshkosh Wardrobe Trunks. It has many unique Oshkosh conveniences, such as the Oshkosh Locking Device, which makes closing and locking an Oshkosh Trunk the most effortless thing in the world.

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No. 529. Another type of Taxi Wardrobe, with its entire space devoted to hangers. It has, in addition, a small detachable tray for linen, and a shoe carrier below the tray. Three sizes: 36" x 20" x 12"; 33" x 20" x 10" and 29" x 20" x 9"



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THE BURBERRY BOOK, patterns of Burberry materials and prices, post free on mention of "THE TATLER."

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Eve at Golf (Continued from p. 94)

Royal and Ancient, who having stood up as best they might to such cruelties as Major Hezlet's marvellous chip at the 6th, his tee shot close to the hole at the 8th, and many another hard blow, inflicted a harder on themselves than any of these with a socket at the 9th; losing a hole they looked like winning. The gallery decided then and there that the match had turned, and they were right.

As for the 36-hole final turning points were many. There were exciting incidents, such as Major Hezlet's chip, holed at the gallop, at the 3rd in the morning; there were putts on his part which made spectators weep all over again, as they had done at Worplesdon last October; there was golf on the part of Mr. Shankland which encouraged them to endorse the dictum of Mr. R. H. de Montmorency that Mr. Shankland is the best young player in the south of England. And the ladies supported their men excellently. After being 2 up at the 5th the holes slipped away with the putts until Royal Mid-Surrey were 3 down; they were still 2 down at lunch time, 3 down again at the 8th, but at the 10th a change came over the match when Mr. Shankland, for the first time, did not show himself equal to the situation. At the 15th Royal Mid-Surrey became 1 up for the first time, and so on they fought till Mr. Shankland missed a hole-able putt, and Miss Rabbidge holed a missable one to finish the match in Royal Mid-Surrey's favour.

THE NORTHERN FOURSOMES

It is always the way: the fiercer the accounts beforehand of clubs to be visited, the more charming they prove when it comes to the point, and that is what the 256 players in the Northern Foursomes organized by "Britannia and Eve" are finding at the moment of going to press at Alwoodley. The whole clubhouse at their disposal, the course in the most applepie order, every mortal thing thought

of and done for their comfort and enjoyment—the course itself a test of golf as well as an entirely delightful—that was the general verdict, if the weather was not quite up to standard, that was the only possible objection to be found with the proceedings. On the first day it seemed as if the battalions—of which there were many—would quite safely and easily come through. Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Worsley, Miss D. R. Fowler and Miss Lobbett (the holders), Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Rudgard, Miss Corlett and Mrs. Heaton, Miss W. and Mrs. Jones, were all busy giving vast quantities of strokes, and them with some ease.

It was on the second day that the fun—how cruel it sounds—and the first international went out, Miss Hartill partnered Miss Bristowe, joined by Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. Garrett, who fell before their own failure to take chances and the really promising golf of little Merry from Temple Newsam, who is only fifteen and has an attractive

natural swing. By the afternoon it was distinctly dangerous to be a champion, and Mrs. Jones went out, so no less a pair than Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Worsley, perishing nobly in a vain attempt to give eleven strokes to Miss Pollitt, who is an ex-International lacrosse player, and Miss Wilcock, who plays the same game for Cheshire. The experience of first-class golf is all in the future but their shots up to the hole were remarkable, and they well deserved a fast hole win. Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Rudgard, though out in 39, turned down, and only won at the 19th. Miss Harrop Wilson and Mrs. Wainwright, Miss Judith Fowler and Mrs. Cooper, to play nineteen holes before a desperate putt from the former put them into the next round. Miss Corlett and Mrs. Heaton had a mighty struggle before beating Mrs. Crooks and Mrs. Fletcher. Only Miss D. R. Fowler and Miss Lobbett made life supremely easy for themselves by playing truly overpowering golf against Mrs. Kitson and Mrs. Warren Kaye.



A 3rd-round encounter in the Northern Foursomes: Mrs. Lance Foley and Mrs. Dudley Charles with Mrs. Firth and fifteen-year-old Miss Merry. The former couple won by 4 and 3



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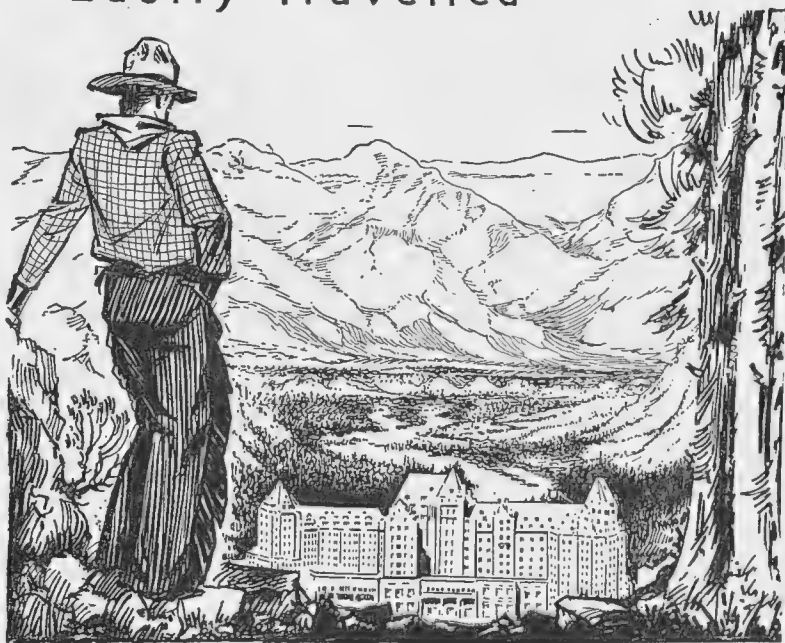
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Smooth motor roads invite you to other Rocky Mountain centres—lovely Lake Louise, the Yoho Valley, the Kicking Horse Trail, Kootenay National Park, Lake Windermere.

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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for a widow who is over 70 years old. Since her husband died over twenty years ago she has worked as companion-nurse, etc., taking any post that came her way as she had had no training to earn her living. Last year she was desperately ill, her life was despaired of, and she who had looked after so many was in her turn at the mercy of strangers. She partially recovered, but all her small savings were exhausted. Now she has a weak heart and internal trouble, so she is bedridden with little hope of recovery. She is living in an Anglican convent on the south coast, where the sisters are very kind to her and she is as comfortable as possible, but her income of £50 a year (old age pension included) will not cover the fees. She is a charming woman, and we do not know what would become of her if she had to leave her present home. So we want to make every effort to collect 5s. weekly for her; this allowance would cover the fees and enable her to pay chemist's bills. Please will you help her through us?

At the end of this month the English Close Golf Championship takes place at the Burnham and Berrow Course at Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset. This well-known course has made a remarkably good recovery from the ravages of last year's drought, and by the time the championship begins on the 28th inst. it should be in excellent order. Several new tees have been made, and a good deal of course improvement



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The accompanying illustration shows only a small proportion of the delightful eggs and novelties which are offered for Easter presentation by Rowntree's of York. This firm has always made a speciality of Easter presents, and their reputation for quality and up-to-date designs is fully maintained by their 1930 range

work of a general character has been undertaken. The stretch this delightful course provides a real test of the club has a reputation for the warmth of its welcome to visitors, and all who enter for the championship can be assured that nothing is left undone to make their visit enjoyable.

All who are interested in the last International football match will be glad to learn that Imperial Airways have arranged for a special Easter air return at the rate of £8, leaving Croydon at 8 a.m. on either Friday, Easter Saturday or Monday, and returning from London on the Monday evening at 6.30 p.m. or on Tuesday morning at 8 a.m. In addition to the road transport included in the tickets, a special car will be provided for those who wish to attend the International match.

An amateur boxing tournament in aid of H.R.H. the Duchess of York's Maternity Centre (of the Free Hospital) will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, April 16 next. Events include competition between representatives from the Royal Navy and Marines, the Army, the Royal Air Force, and the Service in four weights. Mr. Harry Preston and Colonel J. W. H. T. Douglas are giving four silver cups for the competitions. Members of the City Police, Metropolitan Police, Port of London Authority, London Brigade, Belsize Boxing Club, and Polytechnic Boxing Club are also competing. Admiral Mark Kerr is chairman of the tournament. Tickets may be obtained at the box office of the Albert Hall or from the usual agents.

The P. and O. Company has two illustrated brochures respectively Mediterranean and Red Sea cruises to be made this season by new turbo-electric s.s. *Viceroy of India* and the *Rawalpindi*, and the *Ramona* of which vessels are usually employed in the Indian mail and passenger service. An attractive feature of these cruises is a series of descriptive lectures covering all the places at which the vessels will call. The *Viceroy of India* will open the P. and O. season with her departure from London on April 1 for a twenty-six days' cruise to Egypt, the Holy Land, Athens, etc., at rates from 50 guineas upwards.



MISS JOYCE BLAND

Who plays Juliet in the Shakespearean day Festival production of "Romeo and Juliet" at Stratford on Easter Monday, April 21

Mr. Jean Charles Worth, the style creator and one of the proprietors of the well-known dressmaking establishment which bears his name, has just been decorated with the Légion d'Honneur. Mr. Worth merits this honour.

A Correction.

In the last issue of THE TATLER a photograph of Arthur Thatch was sent to us with the information that he was going as huntsman to the Duke of Devonshire. This information was incorrect. Arthur Thatch goes to Mr. R. W. Hunt, a huntsman of a tract of the Epping Forest part of the Atherstone country, which has been lent by the Hunt Commission.



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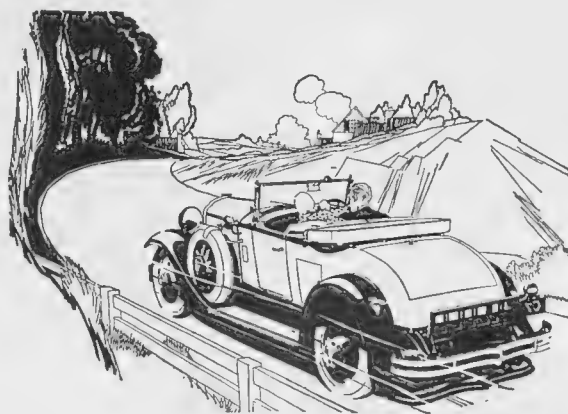
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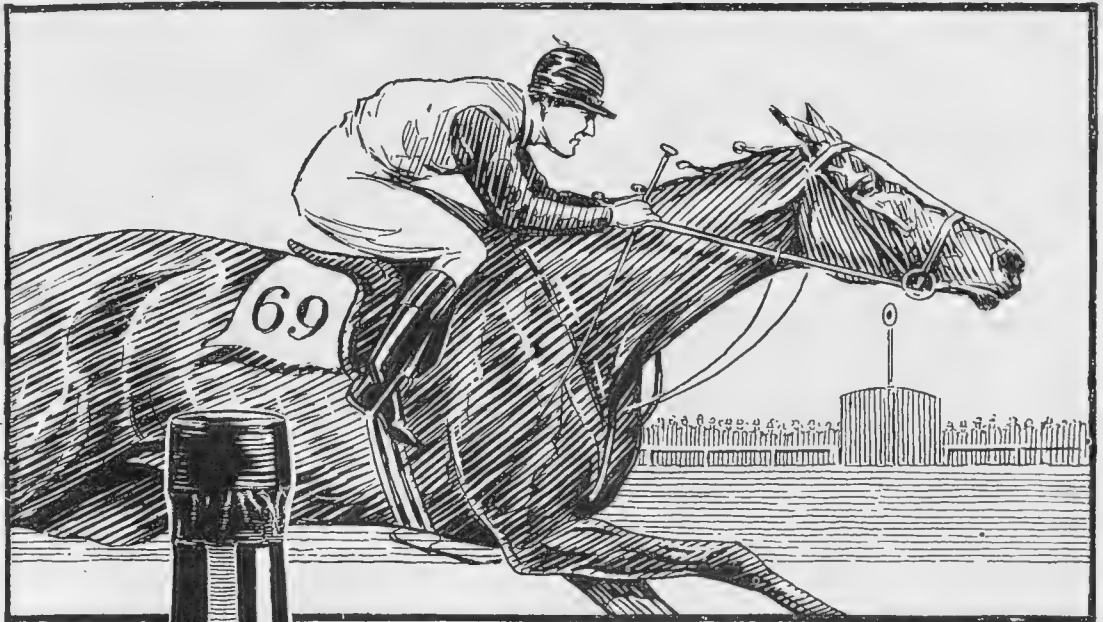
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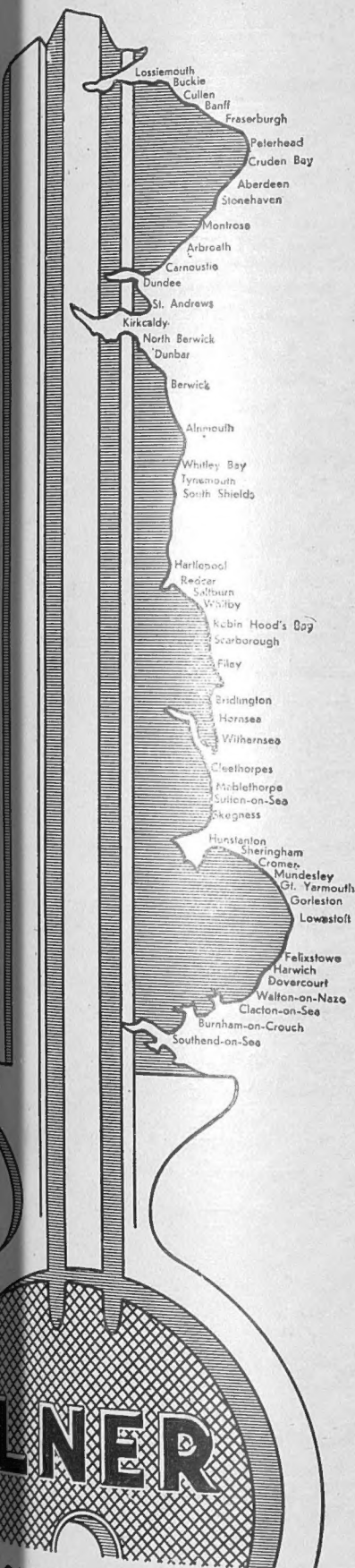
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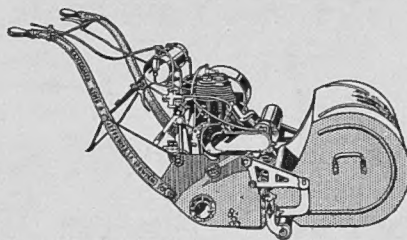
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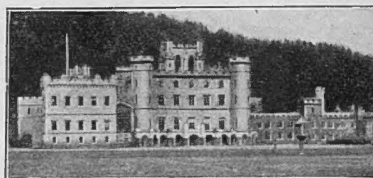
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and thistle seeds. The nests
are well hidden in the

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you for taking me over the Majestic
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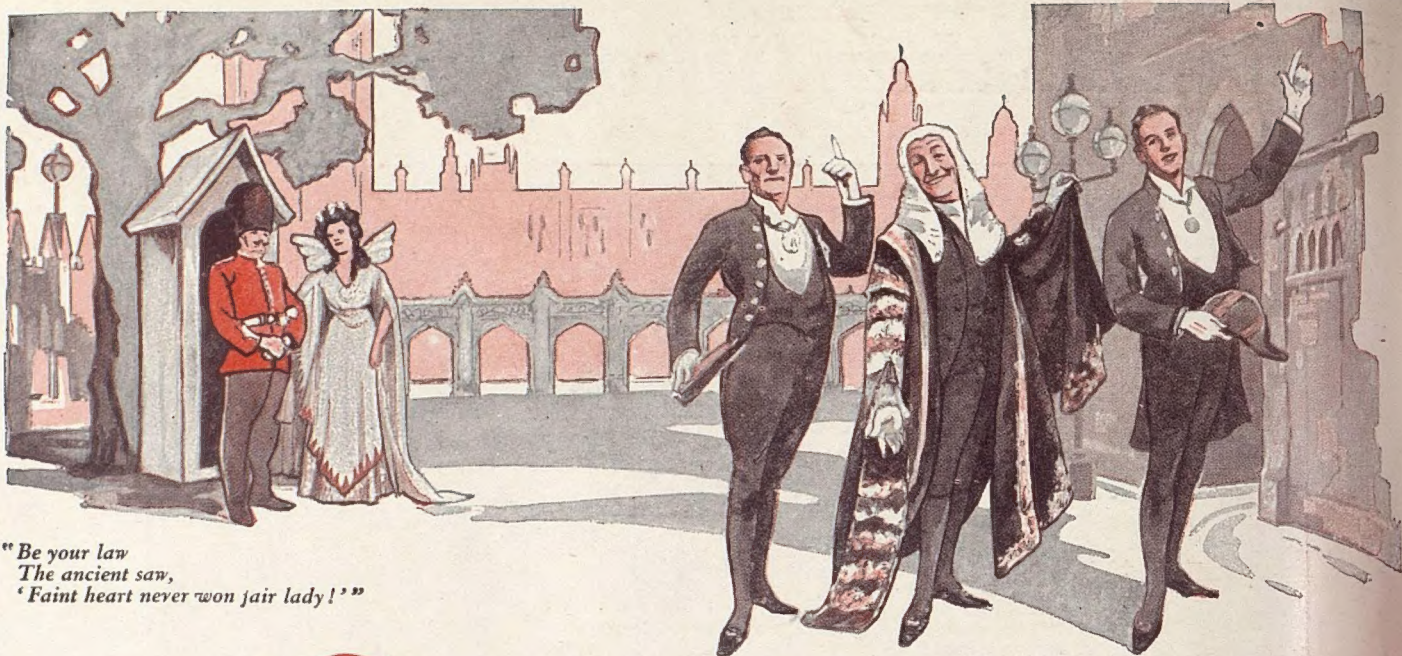
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